The Outlook

DECEMBER 3, 1919

THE JENKINS CASE

ALTHOUGH consuls do not have all the privileges of diplomatic officials, "yet they bear a recognized public character in contradistinction to mere private individuals, and, consequently, their position is different from that of mere private individuals." (The quotation is from Oppenheim's "International Law.") Legally and morally, the stern note in which the American Government has demanded the immediate release from prison of William O. Jenkins, American Consular Agent at Puebla, Mexico, is fully justified.

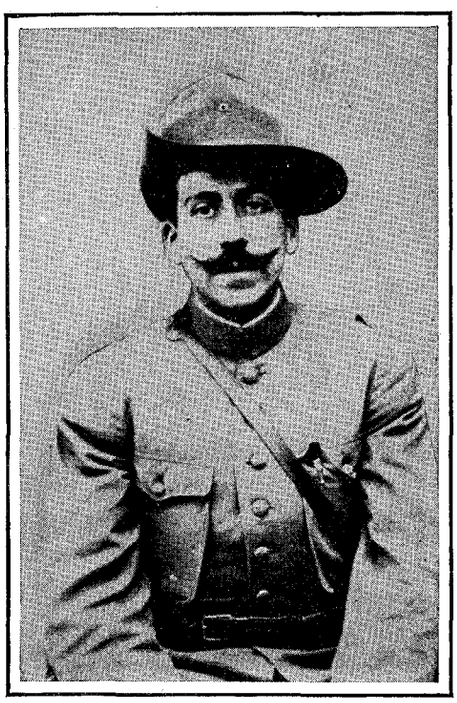
Mr. Jenkins was arrested on a charge of having been an accomplice of the bandit Federico Cordova, who kidnapped him and held him for a ransom of more than $100,000. When a release was demanded by the American State Department, the Mexican Federal Government allowed it to be known that they considered that Jenkins had been guilty of plotting with rebellious forces to overthrow the administration of President Carranza. The American Government regards these insinuations as absolutely unfounded. As this issue of The Outlook goes to press Carranza's reply to the demand for the immediate release of Jenkins is hourly expected. A refusal of this demand ought to be met by vigorous action. Puebla is only some 135 miles as the airplane flies from Vera Cruz, and the despatch of an American column for the release of the imprisoned Consular Agent is not impracticable.

A GENTLEMAN BANDIT

Were it not for the importance of the Jenkins case, the capture of General Felipe Angeles would perhaps have been given nearer the measure of notice it deserves. More than any other factor the influence of General Angeles has made Francisco Villa. It is a strange alliance this. Villa, uncouth, illiterate, the embodiment of crude force; Angeles, cultivated, reserved, possessed of all the social graces.

A graduate of Chapultepec, the West Point of Mexico, and St. Cyr, the famous French military school, Felipe Angeles has had a romantic career. An officer in the Federal army under Porfirio Diaz, Angeles gained a close acquaintance with the forces of intrigue which make and break governments in Mexico. It is said that he tried to warn Madero against Huerta. At any rate, Huerta threw Angeles into prison after "Panchito" was assassinated. He was later sent to Europe in virtual exile, but when Carranza launched his revolution Angeles returned and offered his services to the patriot of Coahuila. When Villa and Carranza quarreled, Angeles followed Villa. His knowledge of artillery had already been a very large factor in winning for the Constitutionalists the victories which made Villa famous and which drove Huerta out of the country.

When Villa's fortunes were low in 1915, Angeles fled to the United States and ran a dairy farm in Texas. He later



(C) Underwood & Underwood

GENERAL FELIPE ANGELES

went to France and served the French Government as inspector of munitions until the end of the war. (According to the New York "Evening Post," Angeles is the "reputed inventor of the French 75-millimeter gun.") But the love of action is ingrained in him, and soon after the end of the fighting on the western front the roving troop of the famous Chihuahua bandit was joined again by one of the best artillerists Mexico ever had.

Angeles is well known in the United States, having spent much time in Washington, New York, and Boston, as well as in the border States. He has scores of friends in America. Perhaps it was due partly to the influence of Angeles that the Villa forces remained friendly to the United States at the time of the famous "Tampico incident" in 1914, when Carranza was threatening to make common cause with Huerta against us.

A court martial has been ordered, and ordinarily it would be a foregone conclusion that the gentleman soldier would pay with his life for his loyalty to the crude bandit of northern Mexico. But Felipe Angeles has many friends, and he has always had the respect of even his enemies. His life might yet be of great use to his country. Will an appreciation of these possibilities outweigh the natural rancor of Carranza against a man who for four years has been a cactus thorn in his side?

THE PRESIDENCY AND THE PRIMARIES

Twenty-one States have some form of primaries in which Presidential preferences are or may be indicated. It is a rather startling reminder that we are approaching the next National election rapidly when despatches call attention, as they did the other day, to the fact that in South Dakota the primary law requires that petitions naming prospective candidates as delegates to the National Conventions must be filed not later than January 1—about four weeks from the date of this issue of The Outlook. The primary itself comes in South Dakota on March 23. One other State primary is still earlier, that in New Hampshire on March 9. This New Hampshire primary, the first to be held, is in the native State of General Leonard Wood, and the opinion is generally expressed that the delegation from the State will certainly be in favor of General Wood's nomination. New Hampshire has no direct preferential vote, but the candidates for delegates to the Conventions may, before the primary, state their personal preferences if they choose. A peculiar provision of the South Dakota primary law is that candidates for the Presidency who desire indorsement in the primary must either in person or by a representative engage in at least one public debate in the State. Naturally such a provision tends to exclude from full consideration in the primary men who do not care to take that step.

The underlying argument in favor of Presidential primaries has been stated repeatedly. It embodies the idea that the voters of a party and not the political bosses should declare the choice of the party for the candidacy.

The confusion in the laws of the differ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent States which try in one way and another to bring this about is not conducive to the success of the idea. In the election of 1916 this was so apparent that Senator Frederick M. Davenport, in an article in The Outlook before the election, deplored the failure of the plan and quoted the Republican chairman, Mr. Hilles, as to "the evils and absurdities and utter lack of uniformity" in the Presidential primary laws. All attempts, however, to procure a National Presidential primary law have failed. In 1916 there were just sixteen States which had a Presidential preference primary in the sense that the voters themselves by their own votes expressed their preference as to the candidate who should be nominated. A few other States may choose delegates to the party conventions by either primary or State convention at their option.

Although the Presidential contest is so close at hand, the situation as to actual candidates is, we should say, less advanced than usual. There have been two or three cases in which candidates have allowed their friends to put forward their names, the latest being that of Senator Harding, of Ohio, whose name will be presented at the Ohio Republican Presidential primary on April 27. This is in a sense a "favorite son" movement. Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, and Governor Lowden, of Illinois, are also talked of as Republican candidates. But, if we may judge from comments in the press and other indications, the most spontaneous national movement as regards a Republican candidate is that which is in favor of General Leonard Wood. We have noted with particular pleasure the fact that an attempt to argue that General Wood was not likely to be a popular candidate among the working people because of his enforcement of law and order has met with universal disapprobation. It would indeed be a bad sign if the enforcement of law and order were offensive to honest, law-abiding citizens. As a matter of fact, General Wood has won National approval by his promptness and decision in putting down disorder; at the same time he has abstained rigorously from taking sides or expressing opinions in controverted matters.

As to Democratic candidates there is a singular lack of active discussion.

SENATOR GLASS

Carter Glass, of Virginia, at present Secretary of the United States Treasury, succeeding Mr. McAdoo, has been appointed by the Governor of Virginia to fill the unexpired term in the United States Senate of the late Senator Martin. He has accepted the appointment, not because he desires to abandon the important post of director of the National finances, but because it is both the desire of his State and of the President of the United States that he should join the Administration forces in the Senate.

The appointment is excellent, and we are glad that Mr. Glass has accepted it, for his record shows that he is a statesman who can rise above the prejudices and petty influences of partisan politics. Mr. Glass's legislative career is one full of encouragement to those who believe that the people in a democracy can, if they are given time enough and opportunity, select as their representatives men of real patriotism and of a National point of view. As a member of the House of Representatives of Congress, where he

(C) Underwood & Underwood
CARTER GLASS, SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA

was Chairman of the House Banking Committee, he took a leading and influential part in the drafting and passage of the Federal Reserve Law. Indeed, we have already said in these pages that the establishment of the Federal Reserve system and all the benefits that have accrued from it to the Nation during the war are due to Carter Glass perhaps more than to any other single individual in the country. At the time when the Federal Reserve Law was hanging in the balance and the influential banking interests of the country were skeptical about it, Mr. Glass made a speech in New York City, before an audience composed very largely of the financial and commercial interests of the city, which was so full of information and so persuasive in its character that the sentiment of this city about the proposed law was radically changed. The conversion of the bankers of New York City was a great factor in the conversion of the bankers of the country from critics to supporters of the new plan.

Mr. Glass has not been long enough Secretary of the Treasury to impress any new policies upon that Department, but his work has been well done, and in it he has had the confidence of American business men and financiers. He is by profession a newspaper editor and publisher, and we have no doubt that newspaper men all over the country will be proud that one of their own profession has so eminently "made good" in public affairs. He entered public life as a member of the State Senate of Virginia in 1899 and has served nine terms as a Representative in Congress.

WHAT DID CONGRESS DO?

The special session of the Sixty-sixth Congress has adjourned. It was called to pass department appropriation bills defeated in the closing days of the Sixty-fifth Congress, and also to consider the Peace Treaty with Germany.

In its six months' session its principal achievements were:

The submission of the Woman Suffrage Constitutional Amendment to the States for ratification.

Passage of the Prohibition Enforcement Bill.

Providing for the return of telegraph and telephone lines to their owners.

Extending the Food and Fuel Control Law to clothing and other necessaries.

Providing vocational training and rehabilitation of disabled soldiers and sailors.

Continuing war-time passport restrictions so as to prevent an influx of radical aliens.

Continuing Government control of dyes.

Amending the War Risk Insurance Act by increasing the allowance in certain cases of serious injury.

Providing for additional compensation for postal service employees.

In addition, the Republicans point out that nearly a billion dollars has been saved by reducing the amounts carried in the appropriation bills. This is met by the Democratic rejoinder that the alleged saving has been made in the Army, Navy, and sundry appropriation bills, passed by a Democratic House of Representatives in the late Congress when no one was able to say just what amount would be needed for the support of the Army and the Navy which had just begun to demobilize.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCES: NATIONAL

Four labor conferences are in session in Washington, or will be when this issue reaches our readers. Two are National, two international.

The Coal Conference is described else-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where. The second conference of National importance is that of seventeen former Federal and State officials, economists, and business men, called by the President to succeed the recent National Industrial Conference, which came to grief. The personnel of the new body is as follows:

Secretary of Labor Wilson; former United States Attorneys-General Thomas W. Gregory and George W. Wickersham; former Food Administrator Herbert Hoover; former Secretary of Commerce Oscar S. Straus; Henry M. Robinson, Pasadena, California; Professor Frank W. Taussig, former chairman of the Tariff Commission; former Governors Samuel W. McCall of Massachustts, Martin H. Glynn of New York, and Henry C. Stuart of Virginia; Dr. W. O. Thompson, Ohio State University; Richard Hooker, Springfield, Massachusetts; George T. Slade, St. Paul; Julius Rosenwald, Chicago; Owen D. Young, New York City; H. J. Waters, of Manhattan, Kansas; and Stanley King, of Boston.

In inviting these men the President said that, "guided by the spirit of the last Conference, I have thought it advisable that, in this new body, there should be no recognition of distinctive groups." The object of the Conference is, in the President's words, to "have concern that our industries may be conducted with such regard for justice and fair dealing that the workman will feel himself induced to put forth his best efforts, that the employer will have an encouraging profit, and that the public will not suffer at the hands of either class."

The aim of this Conference, so well expressed by the President, and its admirable personnel will, we trust, insure an enduring result.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCES: INTERNATIONAL

Of the two international conferences the more picturesque was the International Congress of Working Women. It has gone on record as follows:

1. For all workers a maximum eight-hour day and forty-four-hour week.
2. That the weekly rest period shall have an uninterrupted duration of at least one day and a half.
3. That in continuous industries a minimum rest period of one half-hour shall be accorded in each eight-hour shift.

The other international congress was the Labor Conference provided for by the Paris Peace Conference. It has been in session a month. Its time has been taken up largely with organization matters, the elections of officers, and the admission of delegates, the admission of those from countries like Finland, Luxembourg, Santo Domingo—countries not listed in the annex to the Covenant to the League of Nations—having occasioned some difficulty. The principles agreed to are as follows:

1. The adoption of the eight-hour day and the forty-eight-hour week principle, with certain exceptions.
2. The prohibition of women's work in industries between 10 P.M. and 5 A.M.
3. The prohibition of the employment in industries of children under fourteen years of age, with the exception of Japan and India.
4. The creation of a commission to deal with the limitation of hours of work in Eastern and other special countries.

This Conference is different from any other ever held. For the first time in their history governments have agreed to submit the recommendations of an international labor gathering to their legislative bodies for approval; the present Conference has not merely met, debated, and passed resolutions, but has the guaranty of each state represented to present its findings officially to the representative legislatures within one year.

Moreover, the Conference has been more widely representative than any other ever held. Such broad representation, with such widely varying standards, has of course made agreement very difficult to obtain. Nevertheless the Conference will, we believe, extend to those states which are now becoming industrialized the safeguards of a more liberal industrial legislation.

ALL SORTS OF NEWS FROM RUSSIA

Readers of the cable despatches in American newspapers purporting to give news from Russia must despair of obtaining a clear view. The despatches are not only contradictory, but what appears definitely stated in those of one day is totally ignored or contradicted a few days later. Thus, not so many weeks ago, we were told that Petrograd had actually fallen and that Moscow was on the point of falling. Neither of these things had happened or has happened since. Then we were told of various victories by anti-Bolshevist forces. But hardly had we congratulated ourselves on this than came equally positive statements that Kolchak had been driven back, and even that Denikine had suffered reverses. It seems unquestioned that the city of Omsk, formerly Kolchak's headquarters, has been occupied by the Bolsheviki and has been partly destroyed.

The reports from the north have been equally undependable. One despatch lately declared that General Yudenitch had resigned the command of the anti-Bolshevist forces there; another of November 24 says that Yudenitch's army has passed under the command of an Esthonian general and that it is largely broken up. Even in Vladivostok, a revolt against the anti-Bolshevist Government has been reported and one extraordinary despatch alleges that the Czechoslovak forces there urge that they be sent to their own country because they cannot endure to see the excesses perpetrated by the anti-Bolshevist troops in Siberia. This revolt, it was said later, has been crushed.

The most welcome of the recent news despatches we have seen, on the other hand, declares that General Denikine in the southwest has won a notable victory over the Bolshevist army. It is stated that fifty thousand of the Bolshevist forces were defeated and the army in that section badly disorganized.

It is evident that the news reports from Russia proceed from widely opposed and far from disinterested sources. The ordinary reader will do well not to put too much reliance on such reports. What we need most as to Russia now is intelligible and dependable information.

(C) Underwood & Underwood

ADMIRAL KOLCHAK'S RESIDENCE IN OMSK—AN EXPLOSION NEARLY WRECKS IT

The explosion occurred in the guardhouse adjoining the residence which was occupied by Admiral Kolchak before he was forced to evacuate the city

A RECORD CIRCULATION

Three weeks ago, in view of the high cost of living, the linotypers and typographers on the Paris papers decided to demand extra pay of five francs (generally about one dollar) a day. They were under contract to work for present wages until June 1, 1920. The publishers could not pay the printers the increase without the suspension of many newspapers. In a desire to meet the situation, however, the publishers told the printers that if the prices of the papers could be put up to fifteen centimes (about three cents) a copy, the publishers would see what could be done for the printers.

But the printers would not wait. They chose the week before the recent election for the beginning of their strike, because they believed that the publishers would give in rather than see their publications interrupted at so important a time. More than this, they tried to score a Socialist *coup* by continuing work with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Socialist newspapers while stopping work with non-Socialist papers.

The fifty non-Socialist papers got together and decided to accept the good offices of Jean Dupuy, who, by reason of his control of the French print-paper output and extra printing possibilities, was able to suggest the creation and publication of a composite non-Socialist paper. The paper appeared under the title of "La Presse de Paris," with an initial circulation of 6,000,000 copies, later increased to 7,000,000.

The Socialist leaders were taken unawares. They had already begun to realize that the appearance of the Socialist papers alone might be a poor political move; the effect on the people might be bad if only Socialist papers were allowed to be printed. Hence they, too, suddenly decided to combine, and eight hours after the "Presse de Paris" appeared there appeared a composite Socialist daily, "La Feuille Commune." It has been unable, however, to reach the enormous circulation of the "Presse."

The strike has failed in two respects. First, the determined attitude of the publishers has now brought the strike to the point of collapse. Second, the attempt to silence public opinion on the eve of election produced an anti-Socialist reaction reflected at the polls.

The strike is interesting both in the history of labor and in that of government. It may be remembered that one of the first things the Bolsheviki did in Russia when they got power was to establish press control. They suppressed opposition newspapers and instituted a monopoly of advertising in their own. Any movement anywhere which reveals even a suspicion of such tendencies is now, more than ever, likely to be resented by free peoples.

REACTION IN GERMANY

The report that Hindenburg is likely to be the next President of the German Republic is not remarkable in view of the fact that he still is the idol of the people of Germany, although the picture printed herewith might seem to indicate otherwise. A popular ovation was lately accorded him in the streets of Berlin, and when he was called before the committee of the National Assembly which is investigating war responsibilities German students and others surrounded his automobile and declared that they would not let him go before the committee. Their reason was that he was too great a man to lower his dignity by answering questions before a committee. There were shouts such as, "Brothers, we will not allow such a disgrace!" The bands played the old German anthem, carried the old German flag, cheered the Kaiser, and asserted, so the despatches say, "We will not endure that our glorious Kaiser be besmirched."

Apart from the indications of reaction, the investigation of the war in Berlin by a sub-committee of the Assembly has been illuminating. Bethmann Hollweg, Dr. Helfferich, ex-Ambassador von Bernstorff, Ludendorff, and Hindenburg have been among the witnesses. A curious comment by Ludendorff was that some American prisoners had "an entirely wrong or vague impression of what

(C) International

TAKING DOWN THE FAMOUS WOODEN STATUE OF HINDENBURG IN BERLIN

they were fighting for." Possibly these prisoners had sense enough not to talk too much; possibly the German military mind was constitutionally incapable of understanding the actual motives of America. The ex-Chancellor declared that in January, 1917, the leaders were hoping for peace intervention from President Wilson, but that the conservatives and military men were positive that the U-boat warfare would win that year and that the Reichstag supported that idea. Admiral von Capelle practically asserted that the Kaiser forced the plan of unrestricted submarine warfare. Ex-Ambassador von Bernstorff said that after he returned to Germany Ludendorff showed no interest whatever in the attempts Bernstorff had been making in the United States to procure peace, because Ludendorff was sure that the war would be won by submarines and the army in three months. Bernstorff also complained bitterly that he had not been properly informed of what was going on in Germany when he was in America. In short, there has been going on before the Assembly's committee a merry game of what American slang calls "passing the buck," and with it the exposure of a lack of co-ordination in authority between the German army, navy, Kaiser, Chancellor, and Reichstag which must be mortifying to all Germany.

THE 1919 FOOTBALL SEASON

To the great distress of practically all Eastern sporting writers, the football season of 1919 failed to produce any team with a credible claim to the championship. If college schedules could only be arranged in newspaper offices, what an excellent thing it would be—for newspaper writers! Of course their interests are very much greater than those of the college athletes or of clean sport, and it is a disturbing thing that their interests are not more frequently consulted!

Despite this obvious neglect of the real objective of football, most of the colleges went through the season and considered it a failure or a success in accordance with whether or not each college beat its dearest enemy, which is of course extremely short-sighted and very much to be deplored.

In the East, Harvard, Stevens, and Center College, Kentucky, went through the season without a defeat. Harvard was tied by Princeton, but administered a 10–3 defeat to Yale. Yale's only score came from a fifty-five-yard drop kick which brought forth a cheer even from the ranks of Tusculum. Princeton defeated Yale, but lost to Colgate and West Virginia. Colgate, Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Washington, and Jefferson are some of the colleges which made a record to be proud of.

In the Conference games of the Middle West Illinois carried off the highest honor, with Ohio and Chicago following. Illinois and Ohio each suffered the loss of but one game on their schedule. The schedule of Illinois, however, was longer than that of its Buckeye rival. Indiana, in spite of a low stand among her immediate rivals in the Conference, defeated Syracuse in a late-season game. Notre Dame went through the season with a clean slate.

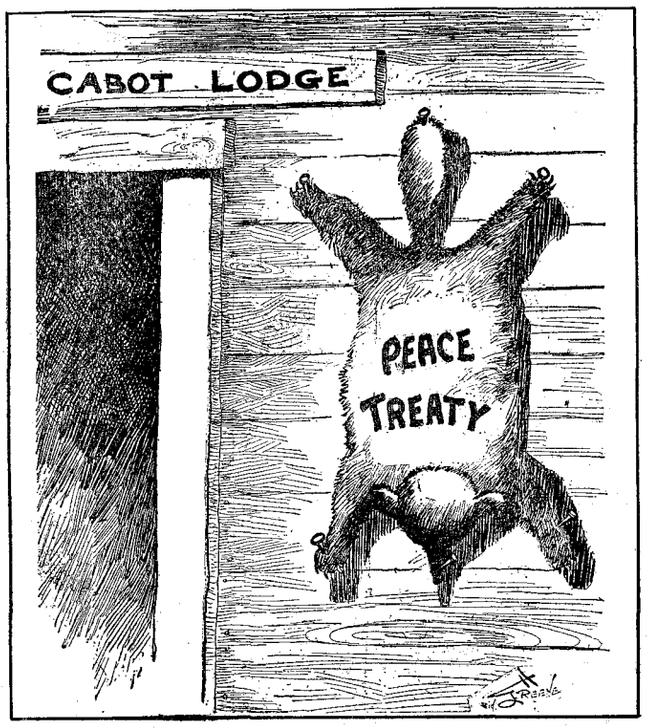
On the Pacific coast the teams of the University of Oregon, Washington State College, the University of Washington, and Stanford University all achieved noteworthy records, though the coast season is not finished as we go to press.

One feature of the coast schedules is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Greene in the New York Evening Telegram



NAILED!

Cassel in the New York Evening World

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

AFRAID OF HIS OWN SHADOW!

TWO VIEWS OF THE FAILURE TO RATIFY THE PEACE TREATY

Kirby in the New York World

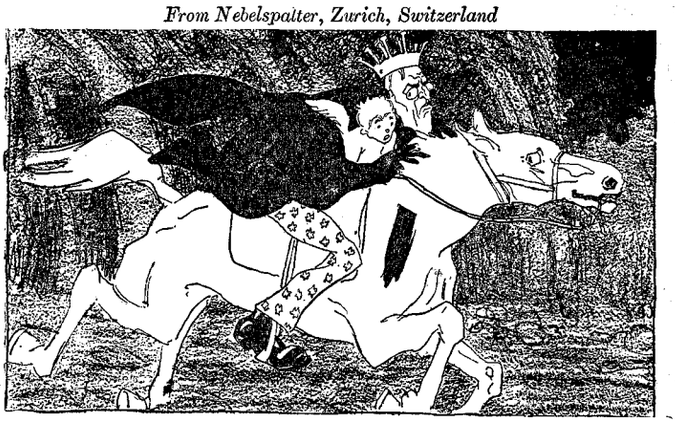
CREEPING UP

From Nebelspalter, Zurich, Switzerland

A COFFEE KLATSCH

Switzerland (to her neighbors): "If you had only sat still and gone on with your knitting, like me, you would not now be in that state!"

From Nebelspalter, Zurich, Switzerland



THE FOREIGN ERLKÖNIG

Who rides so late through the night so wild?
Wilson it is with his little Peace child.
Onward he hurries with his little pal—
To get him into a hospital!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(C) Mishkin

WALTER DAMROSCH

without parallel in the East; this is the number of games played by colleges with teams from United States battleships. Judging from the scores, the sailors are no mean antagonists.

On the whole, perhaps the best record of the football season is one which we have seen credited to the teams in the Western Conference. It is said that on the football squads of the entire Conference there is only one man who did not serve in either the Army or the Navy during the war. The one man who did not serve is reported to be but seventeen years old.

A record of this kind is a high tribute to the qualities of mind and body which the game of football produces.

MR. DAMROSCH'S ENTERPRISE

We learn from Mr. George Engles, manager of the Symphony Society of New York, that the first European tour ever undertaken by an American symphony orchestra will occur the coming spring, when the New York Symphony Orchestra and Walter Damrosch, dean of American conductors, will sail from New York to give eight weeks of concerts in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy.

The members of the orchestra, we are informed, are to be the official guests of the French, Belgian, and Italian Governments, and in England a committee of prominent composers and musicians has been formed to have charge of the concerts in London, the committee being composed of such distinguished men as the following, among others: Sir Ernest Palmer, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Sir Henry Wood, Sir Frederick Bridge, and Mr. Langdon Ronalds.

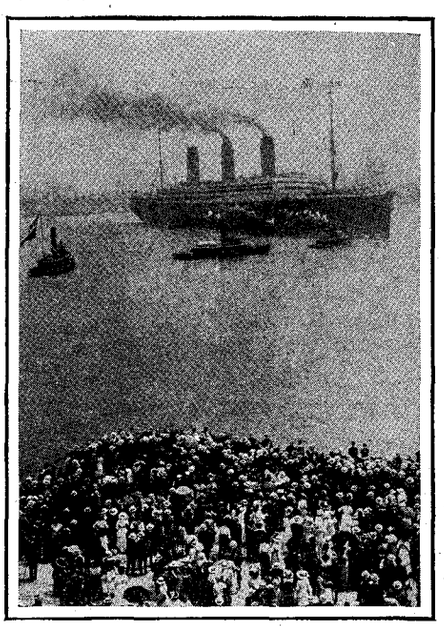
The tour will open with three concerts at the Paris Opera House on May 4, 6, and 9, 1920, an order from the Ministry of Fine Arts having put the great theater at Mr. Damrosch's disposal.

Americans, whether musically inclined or not, will take pride in this accession to American prestige abroad through Mr. Damrosch's enterprise.

HOW NOT TO IMPROVE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

When the fighting ended, the Allied nations set about adjusting their relationships. One of the items on the list for settlement was the disposal and division of the ships turned over by Germany. Among the ships in chancery was the giant liner Imperator.

It was determined by the only constituted authority of the Allied Governments that this ship should be used by the United States to bring home her troops,



Bain News Service

THE IMPERATOR

and that afterwards she should be turned over to the Cunard Line—owners of the murdered Lusitania and of many other ships that went down during the prosecution of Germany's inhuman and illegal submarine campaign.

The Cunard Line made arrangements for putting the Imperator into service when its time as a transport expired. Bu the United States Shipping Board refused to turn over the Imperator, claiming that certain oil ships found in German harbors were American owned and had been wrongly allocated to England. We know nothing of the merits of this dispute in regard to the oil ships, but we do know that international amity is not furthered by any such "hold-out" policy as the Shipping Board has pursued.

If there is to be a League of Nations which will endure, it must be based, first of all, upon the fulfillment of agreements and respect for law. And even if a technical defense in law might be made for our action, it has certainly not been conducive to such friendly relationship as two such allies should preserve.

Besides, on the mere ground of expediency our course has proved futile.

It happens now that we have been forced to release the Imperator, have not yet secured the oil ships, and have lost an appreciable amount of French and British friendship, which is the logical result of the course the Shipping Board has pursued.

A NEW FIELD OF SERVICE FOR DR. RICHARD P. STRONG

The new League of Red Cross Societies of the nations of the world is to have a noteworthy American as its General Medical Director. The League is to have its headquarters at Geneva, and it will act as a centralized agency for the improvement of public health, the prevention of disease, and the mitigation of suffering throughout the world. It will serve in cases of national or international disaster and will act as a medium for bringing within the reach of all the benefits of present known medical facts and new contributions to science and medical knowledge.

The American who is to have charge of the public health work and the general medical activities is Dr. Richard P. Strong, Professor of Tropical Medicine at the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Strong made a brilliant record as a student of tropical diseases in the Philippines. He was the leader of the international corps of workers who wiped out the typhus epidemic in Serbia. During the war he was in charge of the division of infectious diseases of the American Expeditionary Forces and of the investigations carried out upon trench fever.

Harris & Ewing

DR. RICHARD P. STRONG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was also the representative of the A. E. F. and the United States on the Interallied Sanitary Commission, which co-ordinated the sanitary and medical work of the various Allied armies. For his services he won the American Distinguished Service Medal, the British Order of Commander of the Bath, was made an officer of the French Legion of Honor, and was made Grand Officer of the Serbian Cross of St. Salva. He also holds the Chinese Order of the Striped Tiger.

THE LOUVAIN LIBRARY

In 1914 the Germans burned and pillaged the buildings of the University of Louvain, including the library, with its rare books and documents. As Cardinal Mercier himself (long a professor at this University, and one who knows well the value of its one-time treasures) has said, this crime and irreparable loss stirred the civilized world with peculiar horror.

No less than twenty-nine nations were represented at a meeting held almost immediately at Paris looking toward the University's restoration. The International Committee then formed appointed national committees, but owing to war conditions they have not been able to accomplish much. The United States proposes to undertake as its share of the work the erection and equipment of a new library building at an estimated total cost of half a million dollars, to be presented as a free gift to the University of Louvain from the people of the United States "as a contribution toward the re-establishment of this illustrious University and as a permanent memorial of the heroic services of the Belgian people in defense of human liberty." On this announcement Cardinal Mercier sent to the National Committee the following letter:

> I was deeply gratified when I heard that the National Committee of Restoration had started a public subscription to raise funds for the reconstruction of my beloved library, burned to the ground with all the treasures it contained. . . .
>
> I wish to add that I consider Louvain University to be the strongest bulwark of social order and Christianity in Belgium, and that its revival is essential to the moral reconstruction of my beloved country. Its reconstruction will be a monument of the generosity of the American people and their lively interest in scientific progress.

Who does not feel impelled to make some contribution to this cause? Checks may be sent to Mr. J. P. Morgan, Official Depositary of the Committee, at 23 Wall Street, New York City.

The University of Louvain of the future may far surpass in fame the University of the past. Not only will the library, as its central feature, represent American generosity, it will be decorated under the direction of the American Committee by frescoes representing the University's history. The movement in England to obtain books has now furnished a large collection. In addition, England expects to restore one of the University's technical schools. France expects to found a chair in the history of French art, Spain expects to do the same in Spanish art, and the Greek Prime Minister has asked the Greek Parliament to found a chair of the history of Byzantine civilization.

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE

There are a million war orphans in France. The Fatherless Children of France, Inc., alone is caring for nearly two hundred thousand of them.

To extend the work the Methodist Church of America is opening a number of homes. On a farm near Charvieu it has a training school for boys in agriculture. An orphanage for sixty girls has been opened at Grenoble, and a third institution at Mentone has been recently opened to a hundred orphan boys.

Other orphans are responding to the friendly care of American women, like Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop, head of the American Fund for French Wounded, who is very familiar with the subject. She says:

> Thousands of children are suffering to-day from malnutrition and from the horrors of abnormal life. They are in need of medical attention, of playgrounds to distract their minds from the black years of warfare, of schools and cleanliness and nourishing food. I have talked with specialists who have been examining large groups of these children. They have told me that thousands of children were suffering from shock due to the heavy bombardments, and in scores of cases this had affected their brain—that is to say, it had arrested the mental development. Is it to be wondered at?

In a temporary building at Rheims, a few squares from the Cathedral, aid is being given by Mrs. Lathrop's Committee to an army of refugee women and children. With a hospital of 150 beds and a busy clinic, more than three hundred patients a day now receive medical assistance there.

Scattered throughout the Department of the Aisne in the 127 villages, all bearing their battle scars, which the American Committee for Devastated France is helping to rehabilitate, school centers are being opened for children. This Committee, of which Mrs. Anne Dike and Miss Anne Morgan are the moving spirits, has undertaken this particular work in addition to what it is doing to help re-establish the people in their homes.

Says Miss Morgan: "There is no greater service to France than bringing hygiene, domestic science, manual and mental training, and play to those children who have lost years out of their school lives."

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS?

THE United States Senate has refused to ratify the Peace Treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations which was a component part of the Treaty. In accordance with Constitutional procedure, the Treaty was negotiated by President Wilson at the Peace Conference in Paris and was presented by him to the Senate for its approval. To make any treaty effective on the part of the United States after it has been drawn by the Executive Department it must be approved for ratification in the United States Senate by a two-thirds vote of all Senators present and voting. In the present instance nearly sixty per cent of the Senators—that is to say, fifty-three Senators to thirty-nine—voted against a ratification of the Treaty and the League Covenant as submitted by the President. There were certain other votes taken which indicate that the Senate is not opposed to making a Treaty of Peace or a permanent association for peace with other nations of the world if its voice may be heard and its opinions considered in framing the associated arrangement. In fact, only fifteen Senators have voted against any League; eighty Senators have voted for some sort of League, though differing on the question of what its form shall be. But it is impossible to ignore the irrevocable determination of the Senate to disapprove, and therefore to reject, the Treaty in its present form.

Under these circumstances, it is wise for thoughtful Americans, ridding themselves, as far as it is humanly possible to do so, of personal antipathies, partisan prejudices, and irritating antagonisms, to ask themselves and answer three or four simple questions. We state these questions with our own answers, with no desire, however, to assert that every American patriot will answer them as we do.

Do the American people want peace?

Yes.

Do the American people want a League of Nations?

Yes.

Why has the present proposal for a League of Nations failed? Chiefly, we think, because the President has failed to take into account the fact that in a democracy great national policies are determined not by one leader but by the decision of majorities.

A majority of the Senate, reflecting the sentiment of a very large proportion of the American people, fear certain complications or dangers which may threaten our National life if the present Covenant of the League of Nations is adopted without reservations. We have never apprehended these dangers. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the debates in the Senate and editorials and addresses outside the Senate have made it clear that these apprehensions are shared by many men of unquestioned wisdom and proved patriotism, and we have therefore advocated the adoption of such reservations as might remove these apprehensions and yet not so change the very fabric and structure of the Treaty as would make it necessary for the Associated Powers to frame a new document.

In this we have shared the views of such Republican leaders as Mr. Root, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Taft, and Mr. Wickersham.

If the President had acquiesced in these views and proved himself willing to co-operate with those leaders of public opinion who desired to interpret but not destroy the Treaty, we think that it is highly probable that a satisfactory ratification might have been achieved long before this time, that the Association of Nations might have begun their constructive work under the Treaty, and that the Congress and the people of the United States might have turned their attention, as it is profoundly important for them to do, to burning questions of their domestic National life.

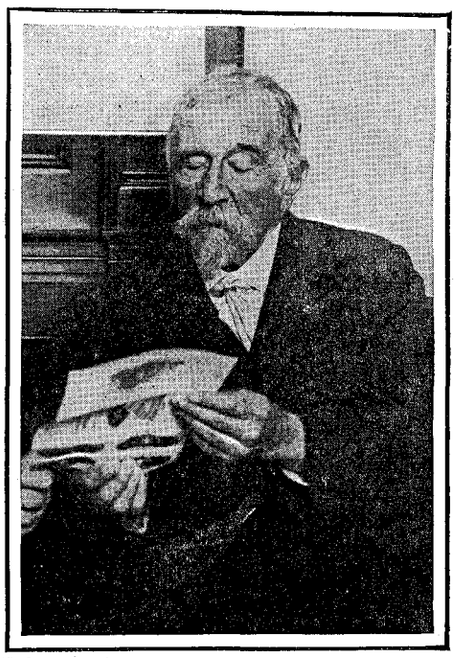
It is not too late to do this now. The motto "Better late than never" applies. What the President and the Senate ought now to do is to see if some compromise cannot be arranged which will save us from the National and international chaos that is sure to follow if the Allies in the late war cannot continue some form of association for the work of reconstruction that the world so sorely needs. Compromise is essential in a democracy. Not compromise on fundamental moral, social, and economic principles, but compromise on methods.

With regard to the Treaty of Peace, with its component League of Nations, there are three parties in this country—one that would accept the proposed Covenant of the League as it stands, one that would join the League with modifications, and one that would enter into no League. Compromise between those who desire some kind of League and those who are opposed to any League is impossible. But it ought to be possible for the other two parties to find a common basis for united action. If the President will whole-heartedly and sympathetically endeavor to understand the point of view of those who are in favor of international co-operation, providing at the same time, however, every safeguard for National vigor, National respect, and National sovereignty, we believe that he can come to an agreement with the Senate on a form of reservations which will lead to an early ratification. The responsibility for failure or success is almost solely his. Has he the vision correctly to perceive the true significance of the vote in the Senate and to substitute the right spirit of compromise for the inflexible and uncompromising course which he has pursued since last March?

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply—
"'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

THESE are the familiar lines which Henry Lee Higginson chose for an inscription to stand at the entrance of the great athletic field which he gave to his University, Harvard. Major Higginson has died, but his love for his University and his abiding faith in its ideals and



(C) International

MAJOR HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

the ideals of American collegiate education will not soon be forgotten. The "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" calls Major Higginson Harvard's greatest benefactor, and the title is well deserved. For he gave not only material things, but a devoted service, which was one of the controlling influences of his own life.

Major Higginson's educational ideals are summed up in a quotation from the address which he made at Harvard University when he turned over to the Corporation the broad acres of The Soldier's Field. The gift of The Soldier's Field was dedicated to the memory of his friends who fell in the Civil War, in the year 1890, but his remarks on the occasion of the transfer of that property have a very direct bearing upon our problems to-day. Major Higginson said:

> Everywhere we see the signs of ferment—questions social, moral, mental, physical, economic. The pot is boiling hard and you must tend it, or it will run over and scald the world. For us came the great questions of slavery and of National integrity, and they were not hard to answer. Your task is more difficult, and yet you must fulfill it. Do not hope that things will take care of themselves or that the old state of affairs will come back. The world on all sides is moving fast, and you have only to accept this fact, making the best of everything—helping, sympathizing, and so guiding and restraining others who have less education perhaps than you. Do not hold off from them, but go straight on with them, side by side, learning from them and teaching them. It is our National theory and the theory of the day, and we have accepted it and must live by it until the whole world is better and wiser than now.

Together with Harvard University the Boston Symphony Orchestra, founded by Major Higginson more than a generation ago, shared a great place in his heart. This orchestra owed its existence to his courageous idealism and his generosity. It would be hard to overestimate its influence upon American music.

With Major Higginson's death departs one of the last and finest spirits that have linked the present with the days of Abraham Lincoln.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY[1]

HE who can see in the cocoon the butterfly, in the addled egg the bird, in the decaying seed the flower, in the weltering chaos the new creation, is a prophet; he who can interpret his vision to his age and inspire it with hope encourages it to go forward. This is what Miss M. P. Follett does in the volume which she entitles "The New State," but which we should entitle "The New Democracy." It is not an epoch-making book; it is better—an epoch-interpreting book. With great clearness of vision she has seen and with great felicity of diction she has expressed the goal toward which Democracy is moving and the spirit which must animate it if it is to live. The principle which she expounds is as applicable to philanthropic individual and religious organizations as to those which are political. In the following paragraph we attempt to give, not the substance of her book, but some idea of its dominating principles, as far as possible using her own words.

We talk about the evils of democracy; we have not yet tried democracy. We talk about the tragedy of individualism; the individual we do not yet know, for we have no methods to release the powers of the individual. Representative government has failed because it was not a method by which men could govern themselves. Direct government will never

[1] The New State. Group Organization the Solution of Popular Government. By M. P. Follett. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Miss M. P. Follett graduated at Radcliffe in 1898 *summa cum laude*, studied at Cambridge, England, and for the past fifteen years has been engaged in various forms of social work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

succeed if it consists merely in counting all the votes in all the ballot-boxes. Neither government by representatives selected for their supposed wisdom by the people, nor government of the people by a majority imposing their will upon the minority, is democracy. Democracy is creative. It must by the intermingling of various ideals create new ideals, by the intermingling of various wills create new wills. The State is more than an aggregation of individuals; it is a Person, and that Person has or can have an ideal which is different from the ideal of any great man, and a purpose which is different from the purpose of any man or number of men in the State. What is the secret of friendship? Not likeness of temperament, not identity of ideals. A friendship based on likeness alone is superficial. That only is a lasting friendship which recognizes the fundamental differences between two individuals, and therefore enriches the lives of both.

Not likeness but unlikeness makes true unity. Give *your* difference, welcome *my* difference, unify *all* differences in the larger whole. This is the law of life. Differences must be integrated, not annihilated nor absorbed. The absence of difference is intellectual death; unorganized, unrelated differences are anarchy; co-ordinated, unified differences make the perfect social order. The crowd which catches an impulse from a leader and acts upon it without reflection is a mob. The crowd which takes from a leader its idea and thinks that it thinks what it has, without thinking, received from him, is a mass but not a Person. The group, each individual of which contributes his own thought to a common ideal and a common purpose, is a self-governing group, a newly created person. Imitation is for the shirkers, like-mindedness for the comfort lovers, unifying for the creators.

So far we have acted simply as a reporter. In further interpreting Miss Follett's essential idea for the purpose of applying it to some current problems we speak no longer for her, but for ourselves. The reader is referred to her volume for her applications of that idea and for her method of realizing that ideal in government.

Miss Follett's idea of the secret of Democracy is not new. It is implicit in Plato's "Republic." It is necessarily implied in Paul's statement that we are members one of another. It underlies Mulford's "The Nation." Nitrogen and oxygen conbined produce air which is indispensable to life. Either constituent in excess is perilous. Centrifugal and centripetal forces combined make the pathway for the world. Co-operation between the weight and the pendulum in the clock makes it a time-keeper. Take off the pendulum and it runs down; take off the weight and it stops. A painter puts a certain fundamental color on the canvas and then adds another color; the result is a third color different from either the first or the second. A musician writes a melody; he then adds three other parts, making a quartette. The quartette consists of four melodies and is something more than either one of the four; it is a new creation by the combination of the four; and if any one of the melodies drowns the other three the musician has failed in his purpose.

For some thirty years friends of the Indians met at Lake Mohonk, some coming from the East, some from the West, some practical workers, some theoretical students, some representing the Government, some representing the churches. The discussions of these conferences were sometimes warm, the convictions of the debaters were often very earnest, the differences elicited seemed at first too radical to be ever reconciled. But a platform committee was appointed at the beginning of each Conference, which watched closely the course of the debate and at the beginning of the third day brought in a report which it believed fairly represented the views of the whole body as they had been developed in the course of the two days' discussion. This platform was never adopted by a majority vote. Nothing went to the public against which any member of the Conference protested. The result was that when a committee representing the Conference went to Washington to put this platform before the President, the Indian Commissioner, or the Indian committees of Congress, the platform presented was a new ideal created by the combined thoughts of Easterners and Westerners, idealists and men of affairs, political workers and religious workers; and I venture the assertion that, as a result, the Lake Mohonk Conference did more to create and carry into effect the new Indian policy than all other influences combined. This is a practical illustration of the new creative democracy.

Its value is very strikingly illustrated at the present time by the unfortunate results of a different policy. The President has endeavored to create a League of Nations. He has endeavored to do it alone, and trusted to his ability to persuade Congress to adopt his plan. The Senate has resented his method of accomplishing a League of Nations, and the two are now going before the country as combatants, each trying to defeat the other. The result is that instead of having twelve or fifteen million voters endeavoring to create by a comparison of views a new form of international organization, we are divided into two irreconcilable parties in an endeavor to decide which of several irreconcilable policies America will endeavor to impose upon the rest of the civilized world.

There are some wise men among the captains of industry and some wise men among the labor leaders who have grasped more or less clearly the notion that Democracy must be creative, that laborers and capitalists must unite in a common endeavor to understand each other, regard each other's interests, respect each other's opinions, and so create by a mutual interchange of opinions and interests a new industrial order which shall be neither the supremacy of capital over labor nor the supremacy of labor over capital, but a new industrial brotherhood, working in fellowship for the common welfare. To-day the most fundamental question in America is whether we will get together and create, by such give and take, a new industrial order based on justice to all and creating contentment in all, or whether we will engage in an industrial warfare for the purpose of securing victory for one party or the other.

Yet if we do get together and create a new industrial order, we shall fall into an error if we think that industrial order is a finality. In this world there never is a finality. We are always going on. Life is growth. To be without growth is to be dead. Truly says Miss Follett:

> To elevate General Welfare into our divinity makes a golden calf of it, erects it as something external to ourselves with an absolute nature of its own, whereas it is the ever new adjusting of ever new relations to one another. The common will never finds perfection but is always seeking it. Progress is an infinite advance towards the infinitely receding goal of infinite perfection.

The bearing of this fundamental principle on the religious questions of the day we must leave for treatment hereafter. It is enough here to point out for the consideration of our readers three principles: the first, that there can be no true religious life in a community without a church—that is, without a common spirit and common action by which the life of the individual as well as of the community can be developed; the second, that allowing the church to be split up into different and sometimes hostile organizations is destructive of that creative life which it should be the object of the church to promote; the third, that the common notion that a creed inherited from the past is essential to united action is not only erroneous but directly contradictory to the truth; a goal to be attained, not a treasure already in possession, is essential to a true and living unity.

We commend Miss Follett's volume to the thoughtful and studious reading of open-minded and serious-minded students of the life of to-day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FUTURE OF THE Y

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM DETROIT

IT was a little lonely ruin. Where the Boche has been there are thousands of others like it. The charred rafters were sagging. Broken bricks and other rubbish littered the ground at the foot of its battered walls.

All about it, however, was not devastated country, but the swirl of one of the busiest and most prosperous cities in the world. Sheltering it were tall stone-clad steel structures. It had been set up just as it was in Washington Boulevard, Detroit, on the edge of Grand Circus Park. As I came within a few feet of it I saw that it was made of some kind of composition, and that what looked like the charred wood of the roof was not charred at all, but was painted. It was a replica. Even so, it seemed very real. It brought back vividly to my mind the memory of hundreds of such desolated little homes that I had seen in France—some of them isolated, others huddled together in a common catastrophe, as if one another's society were a sort of shadow of comfort left to them.

Near by stood a low, rambling wooden building, cheerful, inviting, which every man who was with the American forces in France would recognize as a Y hut.

There in Detroit is pictured, in that little ruin and that hut, a moral force that had more to do with the overcoming of Germany's lawless despotism than we commonly realize. In spite of grave imperfections, many failures, and friction, the Young Men's Christian Association contributed inestimably to the mobilization and the direction of that moral force. One had only to go into that hut and glance, even hastily, at the exhibits there to recognize that. Around the walls were mural paintings depicting the wide variety of service which the Association rendered. And in the process the Association itself was transformed. It entered the war as the Young Men's Christian Association. It came out as the Y. It was humanized, broadened, and profoundly altered and uplifted in spirit.

It so happened that this year, immediately following its war service, has come the time for its triennial International Convention. The Association has been through a very great experience. It has been subjected to harsh, unsparing, and, to a very considerable degree, just criticism. It faces a future which presents problems in many respects more difficult and perilous than those of war. What is going to come of it? One of the speakers at this Convention which met at Detroit, November 19–23, has quoted a saying of the President of France that ought to be written in the mind of every one of us. But he uttered it for the warning particularly of the men of the Y:

"Only our dead have the right to rest."

That same speaker, the Rev. Dr. M. S. Rice, of Detroit, told a story out of his own experience to enforce these words. An American soldier who went overseas and fought came back alive. On his return he handed his mother an envelope. In that was another envelope containing a letter. What that letter said was not divulged. It had been written in the gray chill that preceded the zero hour as he was about to go over the top. That young American did not believe he was going to survive, and what he wrote was his soul's conviction. And on the envelope he wrote directions for forwarding this letter, if found upon his dead body, to his mother. "Now," said Dr. Rice, "what was meant to be a message from him dead, delivered, as it has been, by his living hand, must be a programme for his life."

As I sat through the meetings of that Convention and listened to the speakers and watched the thousands of men assemble I could not satisfy myself that the Y had learned its lesson of the war, and that its new convictions, formed in the midst of ruined French villages and under the shadow of death, were going to stay with it. After my return a friend of mine put the issue to me in a very concrete form. He had been a volunteer and had served as both an enlisted man and as a commissioned officer, and he said to me, "A year ago the Y meant pretty nearly everything to me—now it means nothing." That is the situation that, I am sure, is uppermost in the minds of the Y's most far-seeing leaders, and the Y has leaders that are far-seeing. They recognize that the old formulas are no longer effective. And yet they are hampered by some of the old bonds. They cannot wholly free themselves, and I am not sure that they want to free themselves. The Y has, for example, been removed by the War Department from the place it held in the Army during the war. Except for certain places where it has permanent buildings and rights which may be called vested, the Y has been withdrawn from every army camp and center. One reason for this is undoubtedly that the Y has certain formal connections with churches known as Evangelical. Nobody, as far as I know, objects to the religious motive in the Y. Indeed, it is a general testimony that wherever the Y was under the control or influence of men who had real spiritual force, and who could speak of God in a way that showed they were speaking from a real experience, there the Y was most respected and honored as well as used. But that is a different matter from the formal connection that is established in the requirement that a man, in order to be an officer in the Y, must have a membership in an Evangelical church. That sort of formal bond does not insure the kind of moral and spiritual force that men accept because they want it, and of course it affords no adequate substitute for such force. And yet, there are far-sighted leaders of the Y who cannot make up their minds to abandon its tradition and substitute for it something more vital and real. They still think of the Y as an arm of the Church, and they spell church d-e-n-o-m-i-n-a-t-i-o-n-s. And so this Convention, forgetting that the power of the Y in the war had been increased because the Y had appealed to all for support, and failing to recognize the inconsistency of trying to be ecclesiastical in talking to ecclesiastics and being non-ecclesiastical in undertaking to establish relations with a free Government, again postponed the problem and left it to a commission.

Out of the consequent inevitable delay the Y is going to lose an opportunity that it may not have again, and it is not going to find some of its problems easier of solution.

It was evident at the Convention what some of those problems are. One is the problem of inertia. Men who have done work standing behind a desk in a Y. M. C. A. building or "boosting Bible classes," or going through the motions that are supposed to be suitable for the Y. M. C. A., worker are going to continue doing what they have always done unless they lose their jobs or are impelled by some one or something to do differently.

If the Y reverts to its old ways, it will partly be because of the lack of force to overcome this inertia. And you could see many men of the sort who are mentally and morally inert assembled there in that Convention. As you walked along the streets of Detroit you could tell them a block off, and you could be sure that when they came near by you would find the delegate button on their lapels.

Closely associated with this is the problem of personnel. Most of the Y's failures abroad were due to the fact that a big job too often fell into the hands of a little man. Another problem that faces the Y is America's saloonlessness. As Mr. Ferguson, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, said, the saloon, in spite of its evil which made it intolerable, had the merit of being a cheerful place where men were welcome and found society and freedom. Here is a great opportunity for the Y; but its problem is to acquire some of the cheerfulness and freedom that made the saloon human. In spite of that, we find a Convention delivering itself of the opinion that because tobacco is not good for a young boy the Y had better restrict the use of tobacco in its buildings. Where the Y maintains a boys' club it must be *in loco parentis;* but this deliverance of the Convention is not going to help the Y with the kind of men it served in France.

Another problem, and the biggest of all which the Y faces, is that of adjusting itself to the rise of the spirit of freedom, self-government, and social justice in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industry. Heretofore the Young Men's Christian Association has not been much concerned about this new spirit. It has for the most part held itself aloof from disputatious questions of this sort. When it has gone into industrial communities, it has, as a rule, entered by the door of the general manager's office.

And even at that Convention, held at the very time when the country was concerned with such issues as have been raised by the steel strike and the coal strike, and the attempt on the part of radicals to substitute the soviet for the state, there were men there who were most concerned as to the proper procedure of introducing an industrial association into an unoccupied plant, and apparently quite oblivious of the problem of supplanting industrial war with industrial partnership.

To this, the greatest problem of all, the leaders of the Y are very much awake. There is no doubt about that. By all odds the most valuable sectional meetings at the Convention were not those of the college, or community work, or city, or army and navy department, useful and important as they were, but the meetings of the industrial department; and there secretaries of the associations connected with industrial plants had occasion to hear at least some discussion of the relation of the Y to the questions that wage-earners are asking as to their rights in the industry to which they contribute their labor. And by all odds the most important meeting of the Convention as a whole was that at which three really great speeches were made on this subject of the industrial problem. One of these speeches was by Warren S. Stone, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; one was by the Right Rev. Charles D. Williams, D.D., Bishop of Michigan; and one was by Mr. Homer L. Ferguson, President of the Newport News Ship-Building and Dry Dock Company and President of the United States Chambers of Commerce. These three men differed as to the nature and scope and application of the principle of democracy in industry, and they expressed their differences frankly and strongly; but they agreed on two things—first, that industry must become more democratic; and, second, that the solution depends upon the exercise of the spirit of Christianity in industrial relations as well as in all others.

There is need in our communities of the sort of services that the Y rendered to our men in our cantonments here at home and on the soil of France. If the Y does not render it, some other organization or organizations will. It has learned in this war better than it had ever learned before that, as one of its own commissions has said, "all real and unselfish service is religious." It has the power to surpass in civil life its work in the Army. To-day there are men of power as American citizens who owe to the Y their draught of the American spirit. There are industries that have found peace in this time of industrial conflict because they were served by the Y. There are communities that have been transformed because of what the Y has done. It is fortunate that the Y has in the place of executive leadership such a man as John R. Mott, and in his group of associates not a few men of extraordinary power and ability. After all, however, whether the Y advances or turns back will depend not upon its leaders so much as upon its rank and file. I think it is going to advance; but after attending this Convention I am still wondering whether the traditionalists in the churches and among its paid employees may not keep it from service to which it is plainly called.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

NON-PARTISAN PARTISANSHIP

MR. A. C. TOWNLEY, the President of the National Non-Partisan League of Farmers, and Mr. Joseph Gilbert, his former organization manager, whose trial and conviction under the laws of Minnesota for alleged sedition early in the war attracted National attention during the summer, were sentenced on September 15 by Judge Dean, who presided at the trial, to ninety days in the county jail. Our readers will recall that Townley and Gilbert were tried on charges of having made speeches and distributed literature in the State, just before and after the United States entered the war, for the alleged purpose of discouraging enlistments and injuring co-operation in other war measures. Sixty days' stay was granted the defendants in which to seek a new trial. Unless they choose a course which may affect dramatically their adherents, and serve the sentence as a sort of martyrdom, an appeal will be taken. If appeal is taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, the case may assume a significance which it has not yet attained.

WHAT SENATOR DAVENPORT'S "OUTLOOK" ARTICLE SOUGHT TO SHOW

As our readers know from an article which appeared last August in The Outlook from the pen of Senator Davenport, the trial has aroused fears, passions, and antagonisms in Minnesota, North Dakota, and in other parts of the Northwest, where the activities of the Non-Partisan League of Farmers have assumed the proportions of a radical crusade toward certain impetuous measures of Socialism.

The article of Senator Davenport on "Radicalism in the Making" has stimulated discussion in Minnesota on both sides of the controversy, and The Outlook has received a considerable number of earnest and critical letters upon the subject, some of them written by persons who in the intensity of their feeling seem to have mistaken Senator Davenport's cataloguing of alleged and widespread charges of unfairness at the trial as the expression of personal views, which it clearly is not.

As our readers are aware, we have expressed entire disapprobation of certain of the public measures proposed by the Non-Partisan League, and as for any alleged attitude of disloyalty or lukewarmness toward the Federal Government in the crisis of the great war on the part of Townley or any Non-Partisan League official, we do not need to say that we abhor it. Senator Davenport in his recent article took no position contrary to this, but sought to show, as The Outlook has taken more than one occasion to do, that the causes of bitterness and antagonism towards existing government which are only too evident in the American Northwest have arisen out of certain political and economic conditions in that section of the country, in which conditions are factors of danger and reaction; and that the political disorder and tendency to impetuous radicalism revealed in such volume in a population of property-owning farmers can never be cured in the atmosphere of prejudice and bias and bitterness which appears on both sides. They can be cured only by political and economic leadership that has intelligence enough and vision enough to offer the farmers of the Northwest a programme of constructive progress which will cut the ground from beneath demagogues and agitators. This the leadership of the political parties in Minnesota has in recent years signally failed to accomplish.

THE LEAGUE'S BANK OF DEPOSIT

The Non-Partisan League, as we pointed out in an editorial last July, threatens not a new form of Socialism so much as an old form of political oligarchy and bossism. Such political control has been exercised with the aid of financial methods which, we believe, would be roundly denounced in North Dakota if used by a corporation. The Scandinavian American Bank at Fargo, North Dakota, was declared insolvent because of the character of its loans to the Non-Partisan League and to concerns controlled by the League's leaders. Much of the collateral for these loans, it is stated, were post-dated checks. Later, a State court permitted the bank to reopen; one of the four judges, however, who had been indorsed by the League held against the League in this case. According to despatches from North Dakota, the League's common practice was to persuade farmers to join the League by taking their post-dated checks in payment of dues; then the League went to the bank and raised money on these checks. A. C. Townley, the leader of the League, declared that the insolvency of the bank was the work of the League's enemies, and has started a campaign of selling stock to farmers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for reorganizing the bank. He and the other League managers are, almost without exception, Socialists. If they had gone before the people of North Dakota under that name, they would have accomplished little. But the name Non-Partisan gave them a standing not justified by the leadership or by the facts, but which appealed to a great many people. Thousands of men went into the Non-Partisan League who never would have gone had they supposed it a Socialist movement.

THE DAKOTA MINES

Though lignite is not storable, the people in North Dakota depend to a very considerable extent for fuel upon the lignite fields in that State, many industries and public utilities and public institutions using lignite exclusively. The other coal consumed comes by water and rail transportation. The coal crisis offered an opportunity to "socialize" the lignite mines. When, on November 1, the bituminous coal miners' strike went into effect, the Governor, we learn from the Minneapolis "Tribune," telegraphed to Mr. Lewis, head of the miners, suggesting that North Dakota take over the lignite mines; Mr. Lewis answered that the bituminous strike did not affect North Dakota. The Governor called in Henry Drennan, President of District No. 27 of the United Mine Workers' Association, who presented proposals in writing, among which was one that there should be a sixty per cent wage increase, the increase to be forwarded to the Treasurer of District 27, and one that no coal should be shipped out of the State. This last demand would of course have stopped inter-State commerce; the Federal District Attorney of North Dakota forbade the signing of such an agreement. The Governor declared that, failing an agreement, he would take over the mines and operate them. Acting on the District Attorney's advice, the operators declined to sign. The Governor thereupon proclaimed martial law, and, by means of the State Militia, forcibly took over the mines.

The State Constitution limits the Governor's power of authority to declare martial law to occasions where riot, tumult, breach of the peace or threatened breaches exist, and as these things have not at any time existed in or about the property of the largest of the operators, the Washburn Lignite Coal Company, the proclamation, it protested, was unlawful and violates the Governor's oath of office. But the Governor has gone further, says the complaint, and without warrant of law has forcibly used the State's military forces to take over private property and operate it against the owners' consent and without judicial proceedings or any process of law. Thereupon the coal company obtained a court order requiring the heads of the Home Guard to show cause why they should not relinquish control, they being personally held responsible not only for the forcible seizure but also for civil damages which might result from injury to the mine property or loss of business as a result of the seizure and operation of the mines. The company asserted in its complaint that its property had not been taken for any public use, that it had been taken without just compensation having been made, and that the defendants are not able to respond in such damages as would necessarily result from the continuance of their acts.

Concerning all this the Fargo (North Dakota) "Courier News," a Non-Partisan League organ, says:

> There is the possibility that the Federal Government will prevent in some way the carrying out of the Governor's plans. . . . We should suppose, however, that the Government has already made mistakes enough in connection with the coal strike without proceeding to the crowning idiocy of forbidding a State to mine its own coal.

The attention of that paper might be called to the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, in which we read: "Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction equal protection of the laws." This moved Judge Nuessle, of the State District Court, in issuing an injunction, to describe the seizure as "confiscation" and "despotism," and moved the State Supreme Court, on appeal, to declare that the Governor had no jurisdiction in the matter. Accordingly the State has now given back control of the mines to their owners.

Aside from any question of the socialization of mines, the attempt on the part of a State to control the output and distribution of coal is contrary to the public interest; for coal is a commodity of inter-State commerce, and as such should be under the control of the Federal Government.

MEN AND ISSUES AT THE COAL CONFERENCE

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON BY GREGORY MASON

THE Industrial Conference which was brought together in Washington failed primarily because the group representing the public could not persuade the group representing labor and the group representing capital to reach an agreement. The Conference to negotiate a settlement for the coal strike similarly has proved how difficult it is to persuade capital and labor at war to consider the public interest. At the Coal Conference, moreover, first Secretary Wilson, and later Dr. Harry A. Garfield, Fuel Administrator, have alone had to bear the burden of protecting the interests of the public.

Seated on a platform in the large room in the Department of the Interior building where the conferences have been held, Secretary Wilson has been a determined but almost pathetic figure—pathetic in his isolation. Secretary Wilson's face shows the strain he has been under. Deep in his head his eyes burn almost feverishly, and his mouth, set and drooping at the corners, is the mouth of a man holding himself to a task which he feels is almost beyond his strength. Valiantly the Secretary of Labor has striven to save a few morsels of good for the public from the Coal Conference, with the miners and operators gnashing their teeth in the pit of the room below him. The figure of speech is no exaggeration. As a reporter I have attended a good many conferences of one kind or another, but never have I seen anything to equal this meeting of coal operators and miners for unveiled expressions of class bitterness.

In the smoke-filled room sit about two hundred men, perhaps two-thirds of them miners and one-third operators. The place reeks with fumes of all kinds of deodorizers, from the kind that costs fifty cents apiece in a Havana wrapper to the kind that comes in a red-paper package for five cents. A good many of the miners are of Irish extraction, a good many of them have a Slavic look. Stamping is a common method of relieving the feelings and expectoration is free. There is not the sharp difference of appearance between miners and operators which you might expect. Many of the latter have been miners themselves, for the operator, be it remembered, is essentially a mine manager rather than a mine owner, although many of them do own stock in the companies which they represent. They are rough-hewn men, most of them dark and craggy like the element they wring from the earth.

Mr. F. W. Lukens, leader of the coal operators of the Southwest, rises to report that the operators are unable to accept a compromise suggested by the Secretary of Labor and indorsed by the miners. Mr. William Green, Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers, stands up, and with cold irony expresses his surprise that the mine operators are still so oblivious of the transcendent interest of the American public in the coal controversy that they can reject the Secretary's offer. Mr. Philip Penna, one of the directors of the National Coal Association, walks slowly down the aisle with his hands in his pockets until he reaches Mr. Green's seat in the front row. Mr. Penna is a little man, but his anger is Homeric. In his scorn he seems to tower over the officer of the mine workers, swelling like

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a thunder cloud. He talks directly at Green, baring his teeth after each sarcastic sentence. Penna is hardly finished before a man with curly reddish-brown hair and a belligerent jaw is on his feet, waving his arms and glowering at the retreating coal operator. If looks would kill, Mr. Penna would never reach his seat alive. Every one leans forward a little in his seat, for this new speaker, whose lips curl as he talks out of the right corner of his mouth, is expected to produce fireworks. He is John L. Lewis, Acting President of the United Mine Workers. In his way, Lewis is not a bad orator. "We miners have entered our Garden of Gethsemane," he begins, and goes on in slow, measured tones, with many figures like this one culled from the Bible.

Although Secretary Wilson or Dr. Garfield has been the only representative of the public at these Conferences, reflection of a deep appreciation of the importance of winning public support is found in the speech of almost every miner, of almost every operator. President Lewis charges that miners are brutally treated, and asks if "the great American public" will tolerate this. A spokesman of the operators denies the Lewis charges or replies that most of the alleged acts have occurred in non-union mines. He then calls "the great American public" to witness how the miners have broken contracts in this mine and that one.

Every now and then the Secretary of Labor asks a question. Almost invariably the answers show that the officers of the United Mine Workers are better posted on the general situation of American bituminous mining than are the operators. The reason is not hard to find. The United Mine Workers of America is a National organization. But the operators come to the Conference representing sectional groups—the Central Competitive District (which is Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, western Pennsylvania), the Pittsburgh District, the Northwest, or the Southwest. As at the Industrial Conference, so at the Coal Conference, the extent to which the principle of collective bargaining would be admitted to apply has been a source of contention. The mine workers wanted to negotiate an agreement which would apply to all soft-coal mines in the country. The operators refused. After a sharp fight the operators won their point, exhibiting a stubbornness equal to that of the employers' group at the Industrial Conference. It was agreed that whatever settlement might be reached would be hammered out by committees of operators and miners representing the Central Competitive fields, such settlements to be used as a basis for agreement in "the outlying districts." President Lewis announced the willingness of the miners to yield on this point, with the declaration that he trusted the public would realize that the miners were doing all the yielding, and that he called "Heaven to witness that the miners cannot go on yielding forever."

Whatever the outcome of this particular coal strike, the miners will renew their fight to force the operators to deal with them as a Nation-wide organization containing six hundred thousand men. And is not the claim of the miners that the soft-coal industry should be treated as one unit in keeping with actual practice? In the past the wage scale determined for the Central Competitive District has set the standard for the outlying districts.

It is noteworthy that, although the miners finally consented to bargain with the operators of the Central Competitive District, leaving the arrangements there made to be the standard for the mines in the outlying districts, President Lewis has refused flatly to permit isolated settlements between the miners and operators of this or that State alone. In Missouri, for instance, the Governor wanted to call the miners together to work out an adjustment of the issues in dispute between them and the operators of Missouri alone. Lewis bluntly refused permission for this to be done.

This refusal was not due primarily to a suspicion of the State Government, although the miners do suspect all Governments, State and Federal, of entertaining prejudices against their interests. Lewis is merely fighting the familiar battle of organized labor for recognition in its complete organization. As a matter of fact, the miners say frankly that the operators outmaneuvered them in winning Government support. For the miners feel that the Government has been extremely partisan in this fight. Their cry is that the Government has declared one kind of justice for the operators and another kind of justice for the miners. Many months ago the Government took off its war-time control so far as the fixing of fuel prices was concerned. It left the operators free to do business as they had done it before the war. But it decreed that the war with Germany was still going on so far as the miners were concerned. When they proposed to strike, when they did strike, the machinery of the Federal Government was put into motion against them; their leaders were enjoined from ordering or encouraging a strike on the grounds that the war with Germany had not yet formally ended and that the miners were still bound to the contract which was not to expire until the end of the war.

This plea of the miners that the Government has declared one kind of war for them and another kind for the operators, has gone far to win them popular sympathy. But the plea is specious, nothing more, as shown by the following statement of facts made to me by Fuel Administrator Garfield:

"About the time Government prices were suspended, it was suggested by some operators that that action relieved them of paying the advance in wages agreed upon in October, 1917. My reply was that the Washington agreement stood until peace was promulgated. Labor, of course, assented. The matter was discussed with both sides, the ruling was often commented upon and was never questioned by either side, after the first suggestion above referred to, until the selling price began its upward trend, say about September 1 last."

Therefore in protesting to-day because the Government tells them that the war with Germany still continues so far as their case is concerned the miners are protesting against a condition which met with their own approval a few months ago.

The original demands of the miners for a sixty per cent increase in wages, a six-hour day, and a five-day week were of course impossible. The miners themselves did not expect to win these conditions, which were named merely as an "asking price"—a hook for hanging up a compromise. Except for a factional dispute among the United Mine Workers, however, such large claims would not have been made even as an "asking price." This is the inside story. John L. Lewis, who is now only the Acting President of the United Mine Workers, hopes to be elected regular President at the election next year. Frank Farrington, leader of the Illinois miners, has the same ambition. Farrington is a radical. Lewis heard that Farrington was going to make his campaign for President on a platform calling for a six-hour day and a five-day week. On this platform Lewis thought that Farrington would cut a big swath among the discontented miners. Therefore Lewis stole Farrington's thunder. He had hardly done so when he began to feel uncomfortable, for Lewis has always been a conservative and he knows that the Farrington programme is impossible.

As originally framed, the miners' demand was for a six-hour day "from front to front"—that is, from the time of arriving at the entrance to the mine to the time of return there on the way home. This would mean about five hours of actual work. The officers of the miners' union modified this demand at the Washington Conference, first for six hours of actual work "at the face of the coal," and later made an even larger concession, declaring that they would be content with seven hours a day "at the face of the coal" and a half-holiday on Saturday.

At the time this goes to press the offer of the operators for a twenty per cent wage increase to day workers and fifteen cents a ton increase to pick and machine miners had not been accepted by the union. The operators say that to have granted the original demands of the union would have meant an increase of from 108 to 120 per cent in the cost of operation, most of which would necessarily have been transferred to the consumers. And they say that any increase will mean an increase in the price of coal. Their claim is probably true, but it means merely that the coal-mining industry is badly organized and badly managed.

In asking for the six-hour day and the five-day week, the miners say they were really asking for the privilege to work more time rather than less time than they had been working. The fact is that since the armistice, according to figures prepared by the Federal Bureau of Mines

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the miners have averaged just thirty hours a week. The real immediate grievance of the miners is that with approximately the same cost of living as a year ago and the same wages, they are working fewer days in the year. The fundamental trouble in the mining industry is the seasonal and yearly fluctuations in employment. No miner can look forward and count on working a definite number of days in the year ahead of him. In the last analysis, the blame for this state of affairs in the coal industry falls squarely on the public, which distributes its purchases of coal unevenly over the twelve months of the year. No doubt some compromise will be reached eventually between miners and operators in the present controversy. But that will be merely postponing the inevitable fundamental readjustment, which is a crying need in the bituminous industry. The public rightly insists on having its coal. But the public is not fair in denying the right of miners to strike unless it intends to see that justice shall be done to those miners. The present situation in soft-coal mining does justice to neither miners, operators, nor the public. What the trouble is I will try to show in my next article.

FACES

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Four faces in the dark,
Eight eyes aglow
With the pale lunar spark
Fireflies do show.

Four brows, specter-white,
Crowned with lambent hair;—
Only in the blackest night
Are these things there.

Eight lips that question me,
Moving to and fro;
Quiet as shadows be
On new-fallen snow.

Eight hands beckoning,
Spindrift of the wind;—
Past all mortal reckoning
Are phantoms of the mind.

Deep, return to deep again,
And old dreams fade.
Children, let me sleep again,
Calm and unafraid.

THE NEGRO PUTS TO SEA

BY CHASE S. OSBORN

EX-GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN

"'F a blue-gum nigger bites yeh, yo sholy
gwine ter die.
Never git no mo dat lubbly sweet yam
pie—
Mind yo eye, nigger,
Mind yo eye."

IT caught my ear as hummed through the metallic teeth of a very big black Negro on the spick-and-span new schooner Margaret Spencer, made fast at a Savannah wharf. Beautiful stanch craft, the Margaret Spencer, new from the shipyard across the river, where she and three more like her were built of Georgia pine, with fir masts—not as good as hackmatack, but good. On board things were just beginning to untangle. Lines, all sizes, new and kinky, were as disorderly as lianas in a bot jungle. As I raised the rail to sweep my eye fore and aft in admiration a white sailor close behind me spoke: "I wisht I had the price of them lines! I'd never sail again!"

"Are you going out in her?" I asked him.

Disgust was a cloudy mask covering his face.

"Don't you see they're all niggers?" he replied.

I could see only one white man on the deck. He was the boss rigger, with marlinspike and a long knife in a belt that hung around over his hips at forty-five degrees. All the others were black. The Negroes were working on lines and blocks and sails with full evidence of being at home.

"Nigger riggers, and then a nigger crew," piped Bum Riley, the white sailor, with plenty of profanity for ease of loathing soul.

I took in the situation at once. A renaissance of the American merchant marine, and a black one. All the stories of the sea and the songs and the romance will have to be rewritten. The Negro is driving the white sailor out of American sailing craft.

I climbed over the rail. With my back to a black man in deceptive pose, with eyes the other way, I listened, and now and then stole a look. He was humming and working deftly:

"Neptoon was a black man mouty kin' and true,
Oh, stow me long,
Bob up fru de briny an' say him howdy do,
Oh, stow me long,
Nebber stuck up Neppy, nebber out ah tune,
Oh, stow me long,
Jis as hity-tity ez a gal in June,
Oh, stow me long.
Stow me."

Sails were taking their places, blocks the same, and kinks were working out of lines. The Negro riggers knew how.

The Margaret Spencer was to clear the next day for Newport News, to take on a cargo of coal for Rio. She is a perfect near-clipper type of the new American windjammer. Overall 200 feet, beam 36 feet, depth of hold 15 feet, draught 17 feet, tonnage 1,300. Her rig is foresail, mainsail, mizzensail, spanker, foretopsail, maintopsail, mizzen-topsail, spanker topsail, balloon jib, outer jib, flying jib, jib, and forestaysail. Now, when you know that she will be worked by only four able seamen (A. B.'s), two on a watch and every watch kept, on cruises of ten to twenty thousand miles, out from home port five months to a year, you will comprehend where the big new American fleet is to obtain its crews. There are gasoline and kerosene pumps, anchors, sails, cargo—all handled by power winches and windlasses.

The Spencer will have a crew of only eight men, all told: Captain, $333 a month; first mate, $175 a month; second mate and engineer (one man), $150 a month; steward and cook (one man), $125 a month; four A. B.'s. (Negroes), $75 a month each. Compare wages with twenty years ago: Captain, $100 a month; first mate, $50 a month; second mate, $30 a month; A. B.'s, $18 a month; cook, $40 a month, and so on. The fleet, or shore, captain then got $150 a month, and now he gets $500 a month for looking after the "fleet"—the Margaret Spencer is one of four similar schooners. Earlier wages for able seamen were $6 to $9 a month—this in American ships, and the Yankees have always paid the biggest wages and have worked their crews the hardest. Crews have been cut down and down by the installation of machinery. Perhaps if this were not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

true there would not be sailormen enough for the vast new fleet that will again carry the American flag by steam and sail to all the ports of the world. The sail craft, schooner type (for the square-rigger is a goner), will serve the ports that the deeper-draught steamers cannot enter. That there will be growing room for them forever is the general opinion.

Our men were in Cape Horn and Good Hope waters, Falklands and Spitzbergen, Zanzibar and Madagascar, China and India, and they are going to be there again with the flag. But who are "our men"? Black. White and black will not bunk together under the fo'c's'le head. No race equality there will go. An old Maine captain told me the chief reason was that the American modern white sailor is the most worthless on earth, with the British a close second; while, on the other hand, the Negro sailor is the best. He will take orders. The other fellows will not. That sums it up. So the sea will be a Black Sea, so far as the Stars and Stripes on salt water are concerned.

Selecting a Negro crew brings out a lot of "nigger signs."

Said a captain to me: "I never sign on a nigger with little 'squirrel' ears; nor one with too much white in his eyes; and as for a blue-gum nigger, might just as well ship Davy Jones and be done with it. 'Course we have to watch 'em some about smuggling on board 'yaller ox,' 'skunk gin,' 'cane buck,' 'smoky Joe,' 'coon skin,' and other kinds of moonshine."

Once out of port, they are biddable and have great endurance. In heavy weather it is all hands on deck for days almost, with no regard for watches or sleep. In the tropics they are healthier, and in the cold latitudes they stand up as well as any.

After the riggers' regular hours were finished I saw a number of young Negroes —some of them boys of fourteen—come aboard. Then started a sailors' school. The old A. B.'s would show the cubs all the arts and tricks—how to work a cringle into a bolt-rope, cast properly a carrick-bend, turn in a Flemish eye and a mariner's splice, make Turk's-heads of three, five, and seven strands, and the smarter ones with even four, six, and eight strands, tie bowlines, and plenty more. I never saw older white sailors taking on their spawn and teaching them in such fashion. So, between the black man and gasoline and kerosene, the new merchant marine is to be made and kept "shipshape and Bristol fashion."

Also I heard them patiently teaching the young fellow chanteys with African adaptations:

"Oh, de Black Sea is de sea foh me,
Oh-o, oh-o-o, oh-o-o-o.
Dat's whah a nigger kin be free,
Oh-o, oh-o-o, oh-o-o-o.
Come sail de night an' sail de day,
Oh-o, oh-o-o, oh-o-o-o.
Black Sea foh de black man all de way,
Oh-o, oh-o-o, oh-o-o-o."

One old ebony salt, who looked barnacles and brine, had done a service for a sailor of the grain-sail-fleet days of the Great Lakes, and had caught part of a Lake chantey, to which he had added jazz of his own and sang it to his boy, with never an idea of where Saginaw and Mackinaw are. It was huge fun to hear him.

"From Saginaw to Mackinaw we held her full and by,
Den we jammed her on de wind jes' as close as she would lie.
Jay hanker, Jay diggle, an' a snooper, whooper whee!
From de shanks unto de Beebers we sholy let her blow,
An de dam' ol' tub did sholy gouge a hole in de soup below.
Jay hanker, Jay diggle, an' a snooper, whooper whee!"

While he was at this a Lake sailor came down the wind alongside, and we had a "chin." He had drifted saltwards during the war activities and was stranded but jolly. "We were a lot of bloomin' fools on the Lakes," he said. "We taught 'em the poorhouse-crew business down here on the big water. Why, in clipper days down here a ship of 2,400 tons, like the Sovereign of the Seas, carried one hundred men—eighty able seamen. They got 'em down to twenty-one in 1897 for an 1,800-ton ship, an' they thought that was the limit. Now here's this Margaret Spencer with a total of eight men an' only four sailors, an' they just talk like there was never anything like it! I'll say they don't know. When a young feller came over the bow on the Lakes in the good old days they whisper about and fought his way for every inch he won from the fo'c's'le towards the quarterdeck, he was a regular person if he got anywhere. I've seen many a good feller get bowlegged and stoop-shouldered tryin', an' then never git abaft the mainmast.

"The Cape Horner," the Lake sailor went on, "chews a big quid, but whenever one came out our way an' got into a hull like the Erastus Corning or the Kent he couldn't stan' up. The Kent had a ninety-foot topmast and only a crew of seven men an' a boy forty years ago. When such as she started from Chicago to Buffalo grain laden, the cocky salty never failed to lose all his cuss an' nerve afore he got from Skillagalee to Waugoshance, the entrance to the Straits. Ten to thirty schooners a day would leave port all bound for the same place. It was a race every inch of the way, and how we did crack it to 'em! The old man had to win his share of the time or he lost his job. So he drove 'em until the pumps were smokin', which, with jockeyin' an' keepin' in the narrow courses, bred a race of seamen the likes o' which the world will never see again. To be a wind sailor on the Lakes them days meant more than splice, hand, reef, and steer."

The Negro sailor. Not much has been said about the fact that the American Negro deserves a big credit for being what he is, when it is remembered that he sprang from the Quaker races of Africa. Most of those who were captured and sold into slavery were peaceful, pastoral people. They did not, as a usual thing, belong to the warlike tribes; nor were they as highly developed. The fighting tribes captured the weaker blacks and sold them to Arab and other slave-traders. Once in a while one thinks, by intense scrutiny plus some imagination, that he can trace a resemblance on the part of an American Negro to-day to a Somali or a Basuto or a Bechuana, or to a Masai, or to forebears who served with Tchaka or Cetewayo or Dingansulu, those mighty Zulu leaders. Anyhow, he thinks he sees a type similar to the Chikaranga or to the men of Lobengula who gave Cecil Rhodes so much trouble. But more often they bear the marks of the Kavirondo or Kikuyu or Wakamba, or the Baganda. No matter whence they sprung, they are growing more efficient all the time, also learning that their justification is in their usefulness and that a black Negro is a pure thoroughbred and anything less is a mongrel.

These are the men before the mast of the great American merchant marine aborning. I do not see a rational association between a Negro and a donkey engine just because the Negro can handle a mule better than anybody else on earth.

As I left the water-front a cat with the mange was stealing from the wharf to a little river steamer that plies up the Savannah River to Augusta. It—the river steamer, not the cat—looked like the power craft that cleared from Savannah just a hundred years ago for the first successful voyage across the ocean without sail. That revolutionized the craft of all oceans. The Negro, sailing now from the same port, may work almost as startling a change in the ocean personnel. As the evening shadows fell, that make all men the same color without concern for pigmentation, I heard a Negro sailor singing:

"Marster's nigger am fat an' sleek,
Vum, vum, vooder,
'Kase dey gits enuff ter eat,
Vum, vum, vooder.
Jones's nigger is mouty po',
Vum, vum, vooder.
Don't git enuff ter eat, I'm sho',
Vum, vum, vooder.
Po' white trash I does despise,
Vum, vum, vooder,
'Kase dey's allus tellin' lies,
Vum, vum, vooder."

And he had a 'possum by the tail. "Make bes' pet," he said; "bite, shuah, but clean an' still an' makes me feel unhomesick. Den I kin eat him when de chuck gits po'."

The race that gave to the world a Queen of Sheba, ancient Ethiopia, and the basic Bantu language might easily contribute a midnight Marryat, or Bullen, or Clark Russell, or a Riesenberg, or even a Cooper. Gumbo Bwana says big black men come out of the "coal sack," that mysterious inky nebula in the realm of the Southern Cross.

After all, the best Negro may be the best 'possum hunter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNITY CIVICS

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

IV—THE CARE OF THE CITY'S WARDS

THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC CHARITIES

BY HERBERT D. A. DONOVAN, PH.D.

OF THE COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

INTRODUCTION

Tony Carso was displaying his professional skill on his friend Professor Hartman, who "[illegible]ka da granda lect's in da univers't'." A little ten-year-old came clumping into the barber shop. "Excuse, Profess'," said Tony, holding the belathered razor well back of him as he bent over. "Leetla Ton' he go schul." Professor Hartman heard a resounding smack followed by a prolonged grunt of satisfaction. Big Tony's happy face again appeared, the door slammed, and little Tony was on his way.

"My leetla Ton', Profess'! He fine-a boy," volunteered big Tony by way of starting conversation.

"Is little Tony the one who was so sick of poliomyelitis?" asked the professor.

"Yeh, maybe so, da paral'! Di'n' you hear 'bout, Profess'? I tell you. Two, tree year 'go leetla Ton' he ver' seeck, yeh, alla over one-a side. He no go—he no walka, he no talka, he no shaka da hand, he no say not'ing 'tall. Biga doct' say maybe no more leetla Ton' walk round. Ah, Profess', I t'ink I die! I *so* sad! One-a day one-a, two-a, tree doct' all come-a see leetla Ton'. Dey speaka togeth', quiet. Dey shaka da head. Dey look a' leetla Ton' so' more. Bimeby one-a leetla bita doct' come. He nice-a man. He look 'nd he look and he say not'ing for longa time. I t'ink he say not'ing one-a hour, Profess'. After w'ile he say leetla Ton' geta bet' but nota all to da good maybe. 'We see to-mor'.' Nexta day leetla doct' come-a back in a biga bus wid a lot o' chil'n. I no like. I fright. Leetla doct' say, 'We taka leetla Ton' away.' I say: 'Nuh! No can have! Leetla Ton' stay by pappa! I die!' Leetla doct', he gooda man. He taka leetla Ton' on a nice-a bed in da bus. One-a, two-a, tree hour, big Ton' t'ink maybe leetla Ton' no come-a back. . . . Yeh, bimeby he come-a back. Biga bus come ev'r' day, taka leetla Ton' to da hosp'. Ev'r' time bringa heem back.

"Bimeby leetla Ton' geta bet'. He have-a da crutch. One-a day he come-a home—no crutch. He have-a da brace on da foot. He walka leetla bit, yeh. Oh, Profess', I t'ink I die for gladness! I *so* happy! Ah, you not know, Profess', Itally man some-a time ver' happy can be! Leetla Ton' mucha bet' now. Maybe some-a time all to da good. Bay rum, Profess'?"

It happened that Professor Hartman was a member of the committee that had given special attention to little Tony's affliction. He was interested to know whether big Tony knew what agencies had worked such wonders for the little son.

"It must have cost you much money to have little Tony treated so long."

"Nuh; don' costa me not'ing. Leetla doct', he nice-a man."

"Who paid the little doctor?"

"No can tell. I tella you, Profess', no costa not'ing."

"Do you know, Tony, that the Department of Public Charities of the city has ninety-four thousand people it is taking care of all the time? Some are sick, some poor, some blind. There are old people who have no money and cannot work. Many children must be cared for, and some of them are worse off than little Tony, because they have no parents. There are seventeen free clinics in hospitals which are devoted to the care and treatment of sufferers from infantile paralysis, who, like little Tony, are brought in to them each day by the dozen or more big buses. Last year these buses made more than forty-five thousand calls. They have made thirty-five thousand calls already this year. The city does much for us, Tony."

Tony had been listening attentively and felt that he must say something.

"Yeh, I know. Leetla chil'n alla geta well. Leetla doct', he granda man! Ev'r'bod' shoulda vote for heem!"

FRANK A. REXFORD.

WHEN some one speaks to us of the city government, we usually think of a body of officials a long way off, with whom we would a little rather not come into contact. We have seen some of the functions that these officials have in safeguarding us at our work and giving us opportunities for play. We realize, therefore, that the city is a great business corporation. But we must also remember that the city has a heart, and that there are a great many people, less fortunate than we are, whom the government must help more vitally than it helps us. These are the city's wards, to whom the city stands in the relation of a father, a big brother, or a best friend.

First among these come the people who, while obeying the laws in every way, must call upon the city for support, because they are unable to support themselves, and have none of their own to care for them. They include sick and deformed people, those who are too old to work, and those who are too young. For their assistance we have a Department of Public Charities, which aims to relieve all real need within the city without overburdening the taxpayers, to diminish begging, and to discourage dependence on outside help.

At the head of this Department is a Commissioner appointed by the Mayor for an indeterminate term. The Commissioner appoints and may remove three Deputy Commissioners, and also a director to be in charge of the Bureau of Investigation, Boarding Out, and Inspection. There are branch offices in each borough, with clerks, investigators, etc.

The most numerous class of persons who regularly receive the fostering care of city charity are the needy sick; for, in spite of the excellent precautions which, as we have seen, the city throws about our food and other conditions conducive to our health, many poor people succumb to illness and must be looked after. And it is with no stingy hand that New York deals out its benevolent care to these unfortunate ones. Ten splendid hospitals, having in the present year (1919) a capacity of 8,332 beds, are free and reserved exclusively for the use of the poor.

Three of these are situated on Blackwell's Island and handle all kinds of noncontagious diseases and injuries. Patients suffering from contagious diseases are cared for by the city also, but through the Board of Health. People who are afflicted with diseases of the nervous system are sent to the Central and Neurological Hospital, which is especially for them and for the destitute aged and infirm sick.

Brooklyn has five of the free hospitals, including the great Kings County Hospital. To them may go all kinds of medical and surgical cases that are not contagious. In addition to this service Kings County Hospital has a clinic and dispensary, where free examination and medicine are furnished to the poor. At times long lines of patients and mothers with sick babies fill the dispensary rooms. In another place we find a special orthopœdic clinic and brace shop, where many poor crippled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

children are fitted with appliances enabling them to walk; and so the city has done a great deal to make them capable of self-support.

On Staten Island we find the excellent Sea View Hospital, where all forms and stages of the terrible scourge of tuberculosis are cared for. Situated in a highly favorable position, Sea View is considered the most thoroughly equipped tuberculosis hospital in the world, and this single fact should prove the interest that the city takes in its wards.

Finally, there is on Randall's Island a special hospital which gives to the citizens of New York free service of a very remarkable nature. This is the Children's Hospital, which is, to quote the directory of the Department, "an institution for the observation, care, and treatment of mental defectives and epileptics between two and sixteen years of age." Here these unfortunates, who in former times were too often looked upon, especially by the less educated classes, as objects of sport and used as domestic drudges, may now receive intelligent attention and sympathetic care.

The citizen, and particularly the young citizen, may fear that, in view of the remarkable service these institutions give, considerable difficulty would be met with in getting a patient admitted. This is not the case. Admission to the institutions on Blackwell's Island is had through the Reception Hospital near the Queensboro Bridge. The Brooklyn hospitals admit patients on their own application at the hospital. The Sea View Hospital receives applications through the Tuberculosis Hospital Admission Bureau, 145 Worth Street, Manhattan, and acts on them promptly. The Children's Hospital receives patients after they have been examined at a mental clinic, which is held five forenoons of each week at the Post-Graduate Hospital of Manhattan, and two forenoons each week at the Cumberland Street Hospital, Brooklyn.

The public properly considers promptness to be of prime importance in the efficiency of a hospital. To secure this each of the general public hospitals keeps its own ambulances, and there is a city department, the Board of Ambulance Service, which carefully supervises this important work. The city is divided into districts, and each one is assigned to a particular hospital to serve. It is interesting to read the rules which the Board has laid down for the guidance of those connected with this vital work. They show that the city government, instead of being a body of officials far removed from contact with the people, intends its employees to be servants of the public, mindful of the citizens' needs. "The object [of an ambulance] is to minister to a human being, sick or injured. This is work of the greatest importance. It should be well and carefully done. No interest of self, personal wish, desire to favor another, to look well, or to show off should interfere with the service." "Ambulance surgeons in their relations to patients and the public shall observe those courtesies and proprieties of conduct that will preserve the honorable standing of their hospitals." "Chauffeurs and drivers should consider that they are charged with a high mission. They are the agents of the hospital, . . . and should conduct themselves . . . as becomes men engaged in saving life. . . . [They] should resolve every day: 'I will do my best. I will not have an accident. . . . I will not presume on the right of way. . . . I will not magnify my rights or be particular about my dignity. I will serve the cause of humanity and the hospitals.'" If the city's servants work for us in this spirit, surely the city's citizens should repay their work with the best co-operation.

In cases of accident or similar emergency, any person may telephone for an ambulance, free of charge. It is best, however, to let a policeman send the call, as it goes to Police Headquarters, whence it is sent to the hospital in whose district it belongs. Thus it takes but a few minutes for a citizen to obtain one of the most necessary services that his city can give him.

Competent judges and many thousands of grateful former patients will testify that the quality of service rendered to the city's sick is equal, and often superior, to that given by expensive private hospitals. A little trip through the children's ward of the Kings County Hospital convinced the writer and his wife that fortunate indeed, except for their illness, was the lot of its little inmates, who, coming from the humblest homes, were experiencing here the best of care and ample nourishing food, clean, comfortable beds, and, as soon as able, the benefit of a well-equipped kindergarten and primary school. This kindly care is often continued even after the subjects of it have passed outside the hospital walls. Children who have had infantile paralysis receive after-treatment in the city clinics, to which they are carried in automobiles at the city's expense. People who are subjects of charity and who are suspected of being insane receive observation in special pavilions of the city hospitals.

Some may ask, How does the city secure the faithful, competent nurses upon whose skill, good nature, and unflagging perseverance the work of these great hospitals so largely depends? Right here we see a point of close contact between the government and many young citizens. The city does its part by maintaining training schools at the Metropolitan and City Hospitals in Manhattan and at the Kings County and Cumberland Street Hospitals in Brooklyn, and every observer of those admirable schools declares that the wide range of cases treated gives their students unusual opportunity to get a thoroughly practical course in one of the most useful and dignified callings that a human being can follow. Not only that, but the surroundings and equipment insure an excellent home and school life for the students. Any girl who has had one year's high school work or its equivalent may apply for admission as a pupil nurse. If her school record and references are satisfactory, she is put on probation for three months, after which she may begin a pupil nurse's course of two years. During that period she has a good home, free care in case of illness, opportunity for recreation, and a small compensation besides. After graduation she may either continue in the hospital as a regular member of the nursing staff at $60 per month or may go into private work. Surely such effort on the part of the city should meet with the greatest encouragement by an eager response from those eligible to accept it.

But the city's helping hand stretches even farther out to help the needy sick. Each hospital patient's case is investigated, and whenever it is learned that the patient has dependents who are likely to suffer while the patient is away a nurse is assigned to visit them, relieve their immediate wants, and arrange for their continued assistance. Thus the patient's mind is relieved—which is a great factor in his recovery—and the family are prevented from falling into want and becoming a complete charge on the public. This "social service" work has many interesting phases, and must become more and more appealing to those who appreciate their duty to their neighbors. Thus, in a recent case, a little boy came to the dispensary, and through questioning him it was learned that his mother and her four children were destitute. At present the mother, whose health has failed entirely, is being cared for in the ward and places have been secured for her anæmic children in a convalescent home. Perhaps a father is unable to work, and the mother remains at home to care for her children. Arrangements may be made to have them cared for during the day, so that she may work. Often a good place is obtained for a new mother where she may keep her child with her; and so on through the list, which at the time of the great influenza epidemic of 1918 embraced over eighty new cases weekly in a single hospital. To make this splendid work better known and to extend it the Charities Department now offers to newly graduated nurses the privilege of remaining an additional three months at the training school, with maintenance, that they may engage in social service. This should be more generally taken up, and doubtless would be if the monthly money allowance made to pupil nurses were extended to these workers and better transportation facilities were provided for them in their work.

The social service work has revealed another need, which the broadening contact between the government and the citizen will probably take care of in the near future. That is the need of instruction in home nursing which is revealed by the conditions found in so many poor homes. It ought to be possible for the Board of Education to plan and impart instruction in the simpler processes, such as the taking of temperatures, renewing of bandages and dressings, and the like, of which many girls who leave school during grammar school age show profound

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ignorance when the time comes for them to care for a family; this ignorance in turn complicates the work of the city's servants; and by diminishing it the city government would help its own work for the citizens. This is being done in the high schools through the generosity of the Red Cross at the present time.

Next to the sick in numbers and in need among the city's wards come the aged and infirm who have no one to be responsible for their care. Many of these poor people have in years past contributed their share of labor and sacrifice toward the upbuilding of this great city, and have fallen into necessity through circumstances over which, very probably, they could have no control. The Department of Charities recognizes this fact in its treatment of them, a treatment which is governed by justice as well as humanitarianism.

When a case of poverty of this kind is presented to it, the Department learns the facts through its Bureau of Investigation, and as soon as it is satisfied that the case is worthy of public charge it receives the person into one of the city homes. Outdoor relief, *i. e.*, the regular and permanent giving of money or supplies to poor people in their homes, is not allowed under the city charter, except to certain blind, and to indigent war veterans, who, when recommended by veterans' societies, receive sums fixed by the Department.

Most of the old and infirm poor go to live in one of the city homes, which are on Blackwell's Island and near the Kings County Hospital. There they receive comfortable rooms, thorough cleanliness and sanitation, good, substantial food and plain clothing, and proper medical care when they need it, as often happens. These institutions are, in fact, good examples of modern treatment of our aged poor, and they reflect vast improvement in that respect within a couple of generations.

But the city also maintains an institution which demonstrates even more strikingly the spirit of kindly freedom that is shown toward these worn-out members of the community. This is the Farm Colony and Cottages, which are situated in New York's most remote and rural borough, about two and a half miles from Castleton Corners, Staten Island. Here stood for many years the Richmond County Almshouse, and the old building, still standing, is now one of a group of buildings which house nearly nine hundred of the city's wards. The city here operates a farm of over three hundred and sixty acres, which is also a home for old men who are able to do some work. At the time I visited there only seventeen of these men were engaged in farm labor, and that, of course, was of the lightest kind—driving, taking care of tools, etc. But a great many more are assigned to various special activities, usually under a paid foreman, a master of that particular trade. These include the workers in the mat shop, where rag rugs and mats are made for use in the city institutions; broom-makers, painters, blacksmiths, and others. A number are watchmen at various points, gardeners, and sweepers, keeping the grounds neat; others make the beds. In fact, every effort is made to furnish these men, over two-thirds of whom are between sixty and eighty years old, with enough occupation to keep them in physical and mental health; and how successful this effort, combined with the quiet and cleanliness everywhere apparent, has been can be judged from the facts that the infirmary rarely has over twenty-five inmates at one time, and that during the year 1918 there were only 53 deaths among nine hundred and more old men.

Adjoining the Farm Colony is a group of cottages in which live old couples, who must be in fairly good health, able to go up and down stairs and care for their own minor needs. It is no exaggeration, and a subject of congratulation to us all, to say that here the community has realized through the city government one of our worthiest ideals—the preserving of family life—even when that usually necessary element, the capability of self-support, has failed. The city cottages are not merely comfortable; they are homes in which the members have an active interest and find satisfaction; and that, I take it, is the most that we can reasonably expect from that civic expression of ourselves which we call our city government. Surely, we are doing well by our aged and infirm wards.

For those who are only temporarily destitute there is provided a place of shelter in the Municipal Lodging House, at the foot of East 25th Street, Manhattan. Men, women, and their children are received here on their own application, are examined and fumigated, and given supper, bed, and breakfast. The following morning their case is given to an investigator, and if they are unable to find work they are assisted through the Employment Bureau or placed in a home. In times of stress, as during severe winter storms, the capacity of the Lodging House is often crowded, proving that the city's reputation as a friend in need is widespread.

Lastly, we have the class whose care appeals most to the public when considering the needy. They are the orphaned and abandoned children and children whose parents are unable to care for them. It has been well said that New York's care for its people begins before their birth. First, we have the hospital clinics, at which many prospective mothers receive advice. Next, the service of the maternity wards. Next, the excellent children's wards and kindergartens of the hospitals. But, besides all these, there remain the cases of the thousands of normal children whose parents are unable to care for them properly. For these are provided such a vast variety of asylums and homes that investigation has revealed that in institutional life New York City leads the world.

This is a condition that has arisen, not from deliberate choice, but from necessity, and its continuance is not to be recommended. Accordingly, four years ago the State Legislature passed the Widows' Pension Law, which has since been administered by the Board of Child Welfare, which is independent of the Charities Department. "This law," to quote from the annual report, "was intended to be the foundation of constructive efforts to relieve such conditions. It is a new and progressive departure, this important personal touch with the family, to make better citizens and relieve community care; to get at underlying causes and eliminate them rather than apply curative measures after the mistakes have been committed." Relief is extended in the form of money grants to widows who have small children whom they can support partly, but not entirely, and whom they wish to keep at home. At the present time about 15,000 children and 5,000 mothers are being helped, at an approximate cost of $1,700,000 annually; and the Board believes that these figures represent about the pinnacle, which is not likely to be much exceeded. Every application is carefully investigated, and the relief granted is only so much as will, added to the mother's earnings, give her a living income. The highest allowance quoted in the report is $65 per month, which was granted in a few cases, such as a case of a widow earning $30 per month and having eight children. When we compare this with the sums named as necessary for family maintenance by those who testified before the War Labor Board, we must agree that our city's relief agencies are most careful in obtaining the best results for the taxpayers' money intrusted to them.

There still remains, however, the far larger number of cases in which, through the death or disability of one or both parents, or the parent's preference, admission is asked for the children into some child-caring institution, to be paid for by the Department of Charities. About eighty thousand such cases a year are referred to this bureau, and about forty per cent of these, or, in round numbers, thirty thousand, cases are approved annually. The approved subjects are next turned over to the Children's Clearing Bureau, which examines them as to their mental and physical condition.

It then becomes the duty and the care of the Department to find for these young wards proper homes, according to their various ages, sex, physical condition, and especially the religious preference of their parents, which the law carefully recognizes. Fortunately, in view of the conditions that actually exist, our metropolitan district is amply supplied with orphanages, asylums, and protectories, conducted, for the most part, by religious bodies. To one of these each child is sent by the Commissioner, and that becomes the child's home and remains so until he or she is "discharged" as a city charge. While the child remains in the institution a complete physical and health record of him must be kept, similar to the corresponding record kept for a child

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the public schools. The diet furnished him must also be recorded and approved every six months by the Board of Health.

When an institution receives a child, it enters into a contract with the city to furnish him with lodging, food, clothing, medical attendance, education, and general care, in quantity and quality sufficient and satisfactory for his general welfare. For this service the institution is allowed sums of money from the city treasury, which sums are fixed by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and are subject to change at any time, according to changed conditions. At the present time (1919) the allowance, "based upon war conditions," is 65 cents per day for infants under two years of age and $3.60 per week for children from two to sixteen years of age. Some people have in the past been misled into the fear that these private institutions might resent or evade proper supervision on behalf of the public. For their reassurance it should suffice to quote here the following regulation, found in the pamphlet "Conditions Governing Payments to Charitable Institutions, Budget for 1919," pp. 2, 3:

> All institutions receiving funds by appropriation from the city of New York, and their books of record and account, so far as they relate to institutional activities, shall be open at reasonable times to the visitation, inspection, and examination of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, the Department of Finance, and the Department of Public Charities.

This, it is clear, affords ample authority for the officials who represent the taxpayers to learn whatever is necessary, and it may be added that there is no reason to suspect that those whose whole lives are so unselfishly devoted to the care of the young will fail in returning the proper courtesy which the public rightfully expects its servants to show at all times to one another.

Excellent as these institutions may be and indispensable to the carrying out of the best ideals of to-day in rearing those deprived of their natural guardians, yet no one, either of the city's administrative force or of their private co-operators, ever dreams of any other desirable end than preparing them for the private life which they are to lead. To speed this end, as well as to broaden as far as possible the service which the city's money renders, the adoption of the city's child wards into private homes is steadily encouraged. Applications for that purpose are received and investigated by the Bureau of Investigations, Boarding Out, and Inspection. Upon its approval the children are placed in the family of the applicant, where they are visited from time to time by agents of the Department. If the arrangement is found to be beneficial to the child, he may be legally adopted after one year's trial; and such is the fortunate ending of many a child who started life as a waif or poor orphan but was rescued and reared to useful age by the kindly care of the government of a great city.

In the course of caring for so many thousands of wards it is inevitable that some should die without near relatives or friends able to care for their bodies. When this happens, burial is made through the city mortuaries to the city cemetery on Hart's Island, but such unclaimed bodies as are deemed necessary for scientific purposes are turned over to the municipal hospitals.

We have now traced the benevolence of our great city's heart as it operates in aid of its unfortunate ones, literally from the cradle to the grave. The study of it should make us all feel prouder of our membership in a community that is so potent for good, and more determined to do all in our power to help in the ideals and the methods that are in use. We must keep in mind that the problem is a great, a complex, and a costly one; $12,000,000 yearly of the taxpayers' money is annually spent in the activities I have here summarized. To administer this sum economically and to prevent its undue increase presents a great problem, since the operation of charity is now subject to great abuse, through unregulated sentimentality on the one hand and rigid business routine on the other. For example, it is found that many parents of foreign birth look upon the city's charitable institutions as "colleges" where their children may be kept and educated, free of expense to them, until they are large enough to work, when the parents claim them. It is our duty to combat such a notion, which is undoubtedly stimulated by some current ideas that the State owes every one a living. Put into practice, it breeds deceit, laziness, and trickery in the parents and spoils much of the good in the education of the children. Surely, if there is any municipal work that should strengthen the sense of economic, civil, and social obligation to our city, it is just this study of what New York does for law-abiding but unfortunate citizens.

In the preparation of this article I have had the hearty co-operation of all branches of the departments involved. I wish to acknowledge particularly the kindly assistance of the Hon. Bird S. Coler, Commissioner of Public Charities; of Messrs. Beinenfeld, Dodworth, and Borden, of his office; of Assistant Superintendent Marian R. Doyle, Dr. Price, Miss Anna Buckley, and Miss O'Neill, of Kings County Hospital; of Miss Mary E. Buckley, Superintendent of Nurses, Sea View Hospital; and of Mr. John Truax, Acting Superintendent of the Farm Colony.

ONE FAMILY'S COST OF LIVING

AN ACCOUNT OF HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES FOR A GENERATION

BY R. R. R.

From an American citizen, the head of a family in Massachusetts—a railway man for over thirty years—we received a while ago a significant and, so far as we know, quite unique set of tables of figures recording with considerable detail his household expenses for thirty years. They showed so clearly the cost from year to year since 1889 of bringing up a family, and shed so much light upon present conditions which every household faces to-day, that we wrote asking the compiler to tell us more about himself and his family, and particularly how he kept these accounts. When we received this further information, we asked that the substance be put into an article for the benefit of our readers. For reasons which will appeal to any one who appreciates the home as a place of seclusion, the writer prefers to sign this article with initials rather than with his name.—THE EDITORS.

IN these times of high prices and uncertainty it may interest some of the readers of The Outlook to go with me back through thirty years to see what it has cost the average man to bring up a family.

Since 1889 it has been the custom for each member of my family who buys an article to write down the article and cost on a tally-board. Each week I take the figures off the board and put them into my "house book." In this way I have accumulated accurate figures on what it has cost to bring up a family of three children. The period covered is 1889 to 1919. I have divided this into three decades, which makes it interesting for me to compare the prices of various articles during different ten-year periods. The facts hereafter set down may not be conclusive to people in all sections of our country, as my family has lived in New England all this time, but the figures are absolutely accurate for that section of the country.

It is enough to break a person's heart to see how the cost of commodities has gone up since I was a boy back on the farm in the little Massachusetts town. Why, the average cost of necessities wasn't then much more than a third of what it is now. Of course wages have gone up too, as I propose to show; but they have always been a little bit behind the cost of living, and a little handicap to a single man is a big handicap to a fellow with a wife and three children.

I have been fortunate in having a wife ever willing to assume her full share of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life's burdens and put up with the same things as myself. And I may say for the benefit of readers that this tally-board system of mine is certainly calculated to encourage economy in a family. It makes the whole thing a sort of contest. I was married in 1889, and of this marriage three children were born and are all alive. Just before I was married I left my job as a station clerk in New Mexico and got a job on a small railway in Massachusetts. I was then getting $1.75 a day. As I look back over my "house book," I see that in 1889 we were paying, on the average, 35 cents a pound for butter, 10 cents a pound for lard, 5 cents a quart for milk, and 7 cents a pound for sugar. Flour averaged $7 a barrel, potatoes 80 cents a bushel, and coal $6 a ton.

Our first child came to us in 1892, the second in 1897, and the third in 1899. When the youngest was born, prices of some things were better than they had been when we were married. To take the same commodities just enumerated for comparison, in 1889 butter was from 25 to 34 cents a pound, lard from 8 to 10 cents a pound, and milk from 5 to 6 cents a quart. Sugar was only 5 cents a pound, a drop of 2 cents. And flour had dropped to $4.50 or $5 a barrel. Potatoes that year ran between 75 cents and $1 a bushel, and coal was costing $6.75 a ton.

The arrival of children in our family reminds me of one thing which I want to speak of because it is pleasant—and perhaps on the whole there will be too much in this article to make readers pessimistic. The thing I refer to is education. When I was a boy, in the seventies, I went to the old district schoolhouse, which had been built in 1818, the year before my father was born. It was of stone, built square, with a hip roof. I can well remember the old district meetings which occurred once each year, when there were chosen a moderator, a clerk, a fuel committee, and a prudential committee, whose work was to hire the teacher. While there was no "graft" in hiring the teacher, there were often very personal reasons for choosing the teacher, who usually received about $6 or $7 a week salary and boarded at a neighbor's for a small stipend. Well, in this respect there has certainly been an improvement. My children had better opportunities for education than I had, and to-day the school system is still better.

Now, to go back again to these statistics of mine, which are, like taxes, unpleasant, but facts to be faced. I have shown how in 1899 some prices were actually lower than they had been ten years before. Even up to 1909 there was not such a tremendous increase, although some prices did go up sharply. The greatest part of the increase which has marked the scale of prices during the whole thirty-year period has come in the past ten years, and indeed mainly in the past four years. The following table shows this in a nutshell. The figures for butter, lard, and sugar are prices by pounds. Milk, of course, is measured by the quart, flour by the barrel, potatoes by the bushel, and coal by the ton. The first column shows the highest and the second column the lowest price for the year given:

	Butter.	Lard.	Milk.	Sugar.	Flour.	Potatoes.	Coal.
1889	.34-.26	.10-.09	.05-.05	.07-.07	$7.50-$6.50	.80- .80	$6.00
1899	.34-.25	.10-.08	.06-.05	.05-.05	5.00- 4.50	$1.00- .75	6.75
1909	.34-.26	.16-.12	.06-.06	.06-.05	7.00- 6.25	1.20- .75	7.50
1919	.80-.58	.43-.32	.15-.15	.11-.10	14.00-13.00	4.00-$1.00	12.65

Eggs have changed more than any other commodity in the thirty years, as is indicated by the fact that in 1897 the highest and lowest prices were 36 cents and 15 cents a dozen respectively, and in 1919 they were respectively $1.20 and 40 cents. The lowest price for sugar was 4 cents, which remained uniform in 1894 and 1895. The highest price was that recorded for this year.

While of some other staples I have kept no record, I think I am safe in saying that the prices of some cuts of meat have advanced in thirty years as much as 400 per cent. Workmen's shirts, overalls, and jumpers have advanced 300 per cent.

Statistics have a dry look on the printed page, but sometimes they can be more eloquent than any other form of statement. The following table will interest any housekeeper. It gives the yearly average cost for each ten-year period of a number of staples used in the family, and the total cost for ten years:

	First Ten.	Second Ten.	Third Ten.	Total Cost.
Butter	$17.80	$34.30	$49.70	$1,008.35
Baker	7.10	13.40	22.45	429.35
Candy	6.00	7.75	14.00	277.40
Church	9.80	22.00	39.00	708.80
Coffee and tea	6.55	10.35	10.80	277.15
Fruit	23.30	31.25	37.45	919.55
Fish	8.05	16.60	23.25	479.55
Medicine	11.65	16.65	5.85	341.25
Lard	4.15	10.25	14.65	300.15
Meat	20.80	43.55	49.50	1,138.15
Milk	27.85	41.75	40.00	1,097.25
Newspapers and magazines	7.90	14.90	18.45	412.35
Sugar	13.50	20.90	27.95	624.05
Vegetables, not including much from my own garden	11.10	27.20	43.95	860.95
Laundry	16.65	31.25	18.90	635.10
Soap	3.45	6.70	8.25	183.70
Flour	12.35	13.50	21.35	481.05
Fuel	27.85	43.05	55.80	1,355.05
Eggs	10.85	21.35	30.15	628.05
Rent	103.05	179.00	236.00	5,176.40

The competition of economy has been made keener in our family by our method of keeping and publishing statistics on the tally-board and in the "house book." The fact is that my own personal expenditures have been larger than those of any other member of my family. For clothes, shoes, doctors, medicine, and miscellaneous I have spent in the last twenty-five years $1,324.02. For the same items in the same period my wife has spent $1,272.18. The expenses of our first child have been $622.40, our second child during her lifetime for these same items has cost $647.40, and our third child—for fifteen years—$255.94.

Rent is a great expense in most households. Over the whole period covered our rent expenditure has been $5,176.40. This is made up of actual rent amounting to $1,274.40 paid to the time that I bought the place in 1899, to which is added the estimate of value of the rent since that time, which is $3,902. The place cost me $1,955 and I have made improvements amounting to $1,191. I am pretty handy with tools and have made most of the repairs myself, not charging off anything on the accounts for my own work. As it stands to-day, the place is easily worth $3,000. It was bought in part out of legacies of $500 and in part out of my own earnings. When I bought the place, I took out of the savings bank all the money I had in it. I now have in the savings bank about $800, and I have also $800 in Liberty Bonds. In the meantime, moreover, I have paid out about $1,300 for life insurance.

You will see that we have not spent much money for clothing. As for me, I have been a freight conductor for the past fifteen years and have not had to have any uniforms. My wife has made a good many of the clothes for herself and the children, and we have been fortunate in having some clothes given to us.

The race between the rising prices and my own slow-rising income has been so close that there has never been any margin to permit us to ease up. I have been a railway man all my life, and since 1903 have been continually employed as a freight conductor. I began work in 1889 at $1.75 a day. At present I am earning $5.50 a day. The wage curve is shown by the following figures:

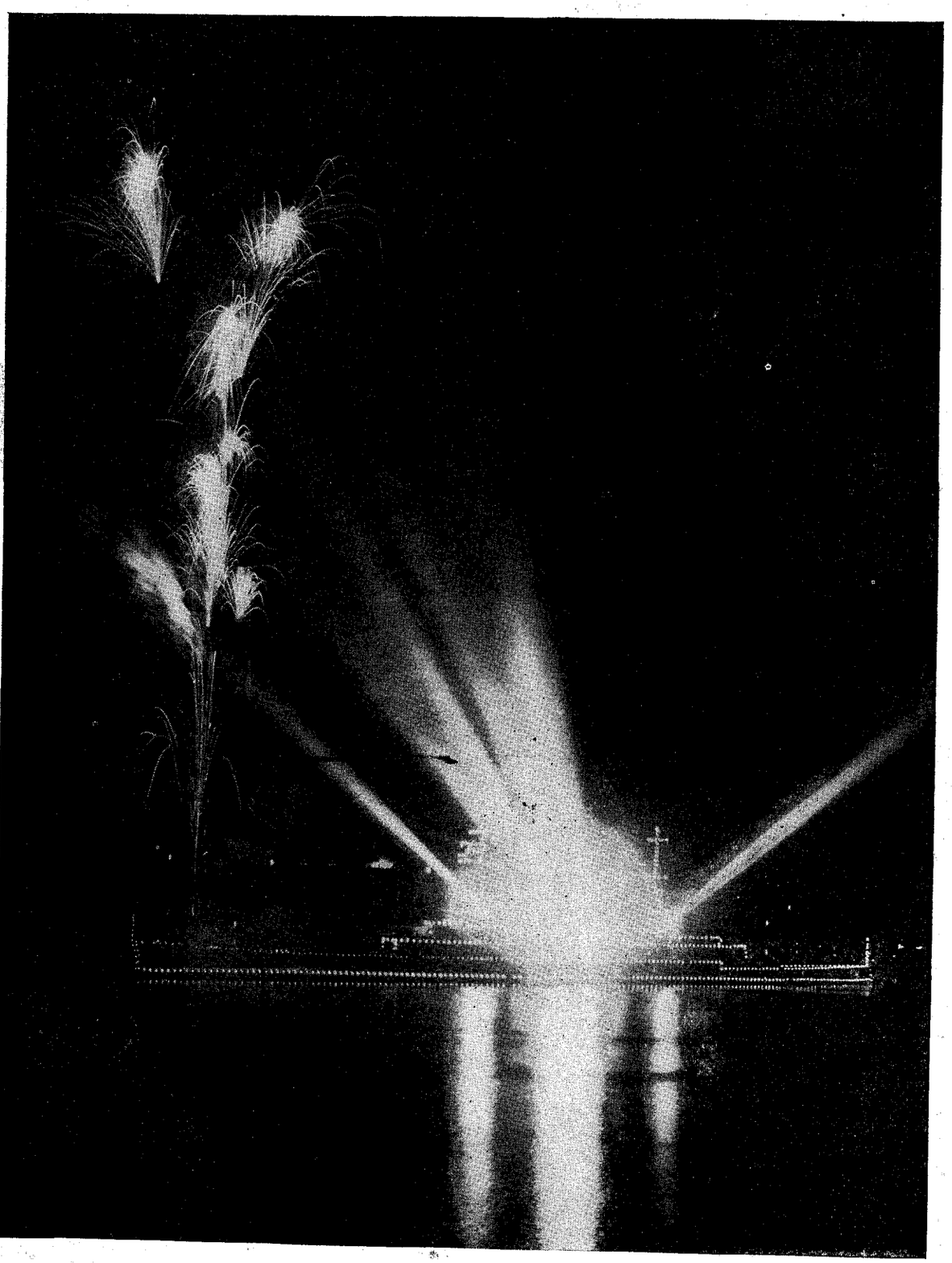
1889	$1.75 a day
1892	2.30 " "
1895	2.50 " "
1899	2.75 " "
1902	3.00 " "
1907	3.25 " "
1910	3.75 " "
1916	4.00 " "
1918	5.00 " "
1919	5.50 " "

It will be apparent to some readers that there is a discrepancy between my pay and that earned by conductors on other railways. The reason is that I am working on a small railway which is not unionized. So for a ten-hour day I get less money than other conductors get who work on larger roads which are organized on the eight-hour basis with pay for overtime.

As my wife and I look back over these thirty years, we have nothing to regret. Our children are all able to shift for themselves now; one daughter is an industrial nurse in a large factory, and the other is working as a war clerk for the Government at Washington. We have never had much, but we have had enough. What we have done, others can do. Isn't it possible that a good deal of the depression and discontent which we see on all sides to-day means that our civilization has been built up on exaggerated standards? Perhaps it will do no harm if a good many of us are forced to live more simply. It has given me great pride and pleasure to keep this long record of facts, figures, and data which would otherwise have been long forgotten. If this record will encourage other people to be satisfied with making the best of what they have, I shall feel that my trouble has been doubly worth while.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

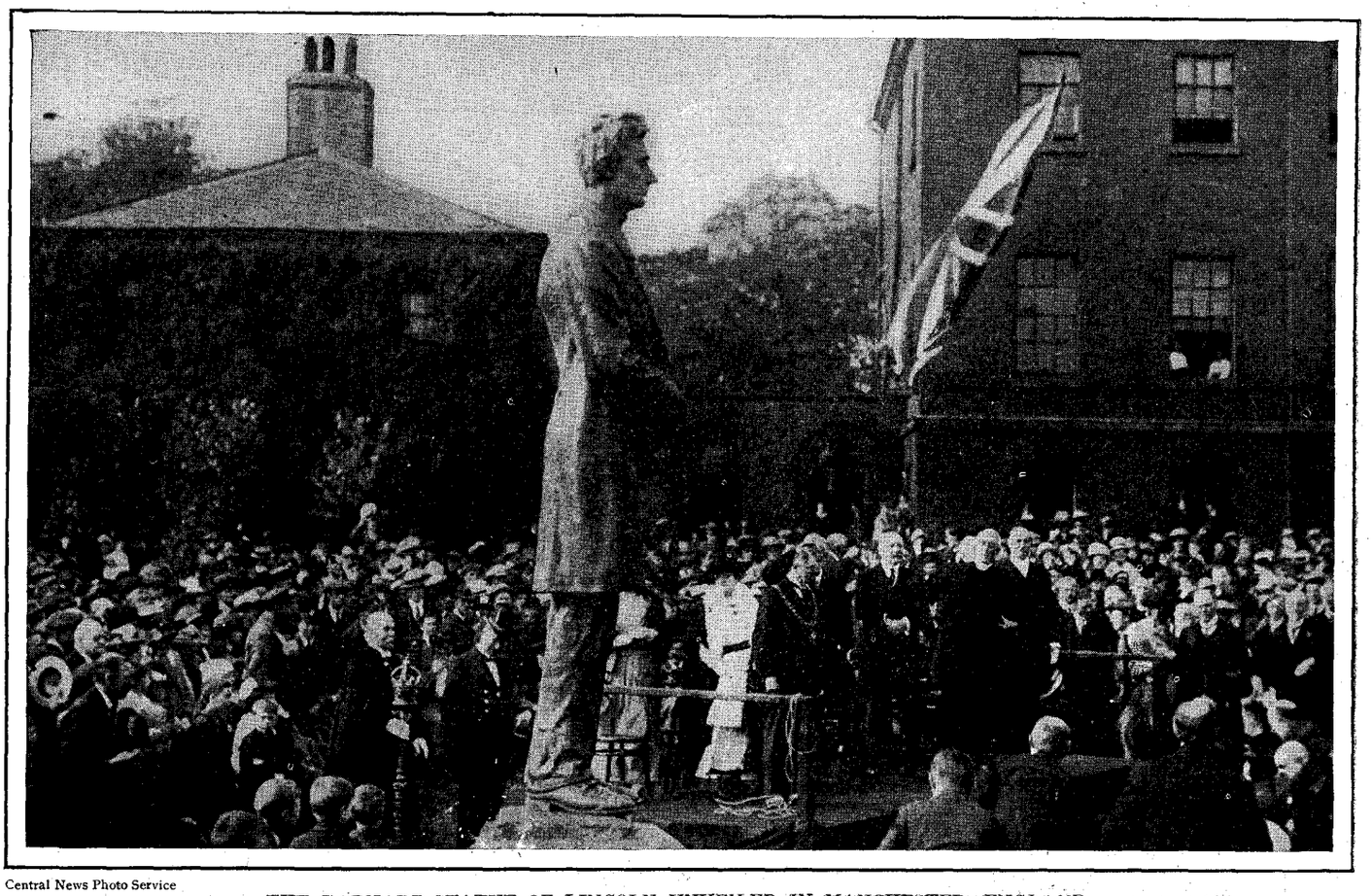
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) Paul Thompson

THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP RENOWN, WHICH BROUGHT THE PRINCE OF WALES TO AMERICA, ILLUMINATED IN NEW YORK HARBOR DURING THE PRINCE'S VISIT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Central News Photo Service

THE BARNARD STATUE OF LINCOLN UNVEILED IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

This statue of Abraham Lincoln, by George Barnard, aroused much controversy in America some months ago on account of what its critics regarded as uncomplimentary exaggeration in the physical peculiarities of the subject, whi[illegible]ers saw in it a truthful presentation of the martyred President that was in keeping with his personal simplicity a[illegible]plainness of speech and demeanor

(C) Underwood & Underwood

MME. CLEMENCEAU-JACQUEMAIRE, DAUGHTER OF THE FRENCH PREMIER

Mme. Clemenceau-Jacquemaire is now in America on a lecture tour. Her subject will be "The Soul of France." Her mother is an American

Ekman, Centralia

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM O. GRIMM, KILLED BY BOLSHEVISTS IN CENTRALIA

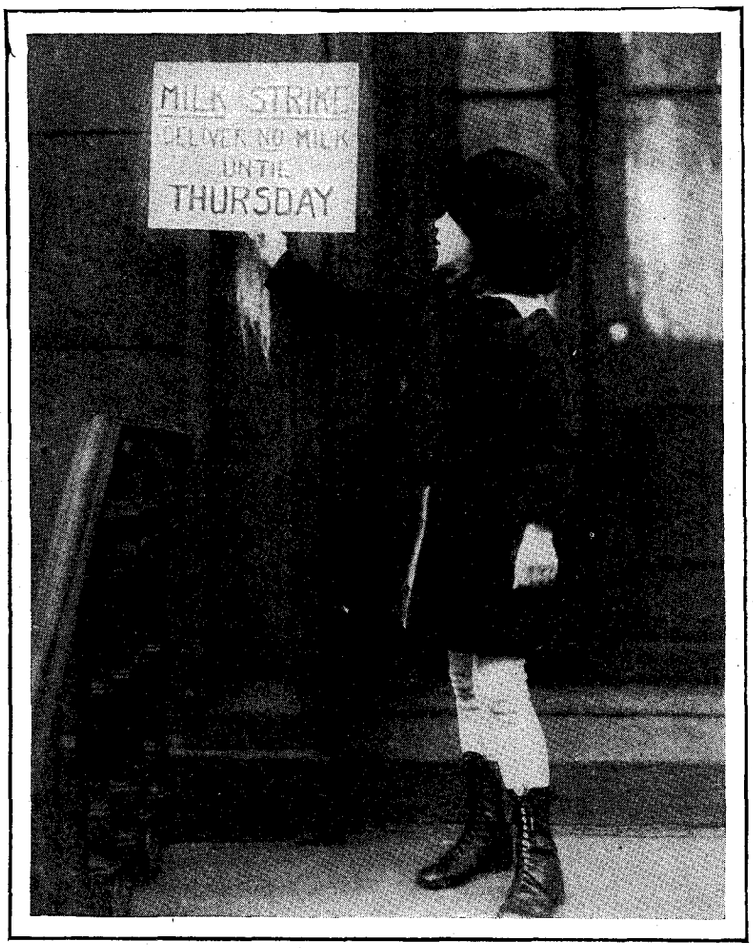
Lieutenant Grimm was slain in Centralia, Washington, by cowardly Reds. He and his three comrades are as truly martyrs to the cause of liberty and law as any who died in France

(C) Mishkin

FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO AS RADAMES, IN "AÏDA"

Constantino, who recently died in Mexico City, had won an international reputation as a tenor. He was of Spanish birth

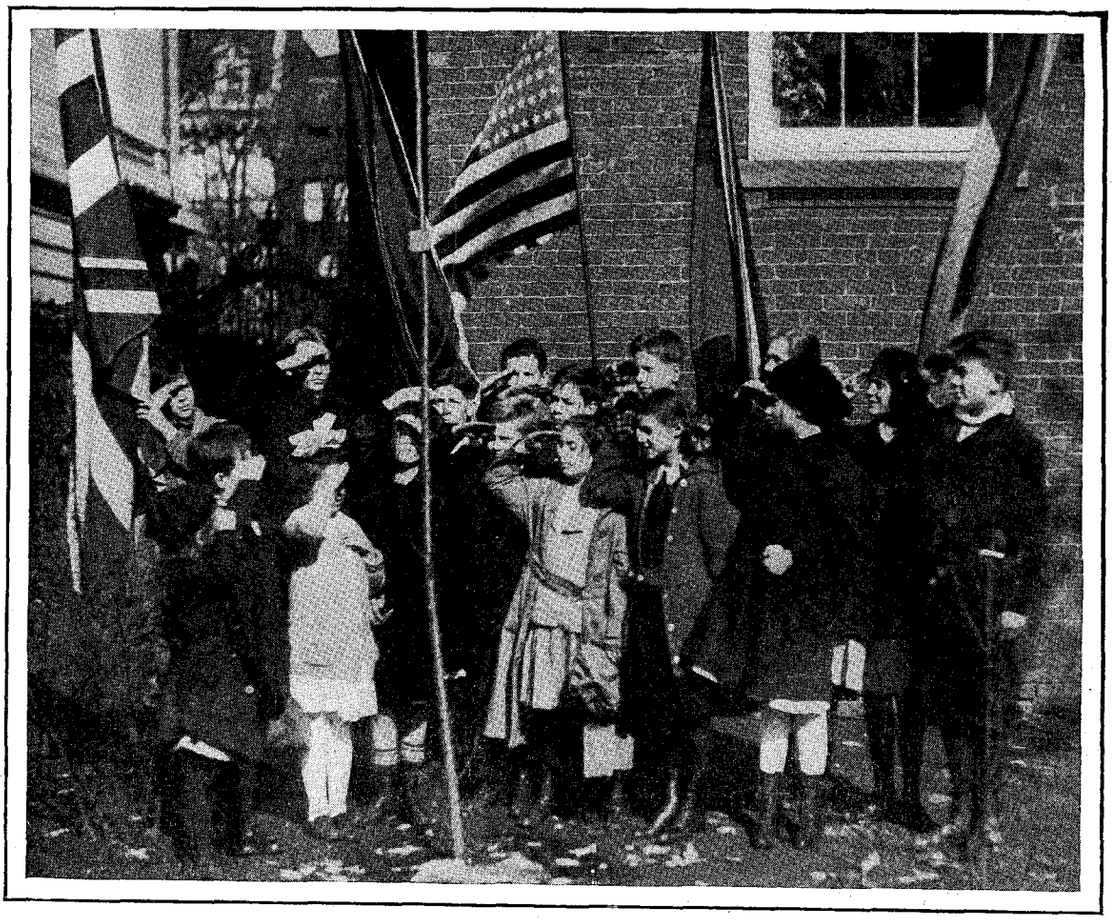
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(C) Underwood & Underwood

A STRIKE BY CONSUMERS AGAINST THE HIGH PRICE OF MILK

Many thousands of families in New York City are reported to have engaged in this strike. They intend to do without milk three days a week, hoping thus to bring down the price, which has recently been raised. The idea is to supplement any action by the authorities in the attempt to reduce the price of milk to the retail consumers, by concerted action to lessen consumption and to show that the public is a unit in protesting against what is regarded as extortion by the milk companies. Even when milk prices are exorbitant, it is doubtful whether such a strike as this is of any public benefit except to advertise a protest



(C) Underwood & Underwood

A MEMORIAL TREE PLANTED IN HONOR OF QUENTIN ROOSEVELT BY PUPILS OF THE SCHOOL HE ONCE ATTENDED

This Lombardy poplar is to be cared for by a committee formed of members of each successive class in this school—the Force Public School in Washington, D. C. The committee will be a self-perpetuating one, so that the tree may always have protectors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

A TRIANGLE OF POETS

IT would be difficult to find three books of poetry which differ more widely in essence and purpose than John Masefield's "Reynard the Fox,"[1] Amy Lowell's "Pictures of the Floating World,"[2] and John Drinkwater's "Poems."[3]

John Masefield, powerful and impulsive, Amy Lowell, fragmentary and exotic, and John Drinkwater, delicate, reverent, and restrained, stand at the three corners of a triangle which covers a large part of the field of modern verse.

In his present volume John Masefield has written a narrative poem which in swiftness and sustained interest easily ranks with, if not above, the best work which has come from his pen. Using a meter which in less gifted hands would have fallen into a dreary singsong long before the conclusion of his poem, Masefield tells the story of a fox hunt with a picturesqueness and a vividness which has seldom, if ever, been excelled.

He begins his tale with a description of the gathering of the riders and a catalogue of their characters which resembles in spirit if not in form the prologue of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The striking portraits in this group are memorable for their exactness of delineation and their sureness of analysis. Among these portraits, for instance, is one of a hunting clergyman who arrives at the rendezvous winded and out of breath. Of him John Masefield writes:

A pommle cob came trotting up
Round-bellied like a drinking-cup
Bearing on back a pommle man
Round-bellied like a drinking-can.
The clergyman from Condicote.
His face was scarlet from his trot,
His white hair bobbed about his head
As halos do round clergy dead.
He asked Tom Copp, "How long to wait?"
His loose mouth opened like a gate,
To pass the wagons of his speech.
He had a mighty voice to preach
Though indolent in other matters
He let his children go in tatters.

Or read this brief characterization of old Squire Harridew:

An old bear in a scarlet pelt
Came next, old Squire Harridew,
His eyebrows gave a man the grue
So bushy and so fierce they were;
He had a bitter tongue to swear.
A fierce, hot, hard, old, stupid squire,
With all his liver made of fire,
Small brain, great courage, mulish will.
The hearts in all his house stood still
When some one crossed the squire's path.
For he was terrible in wrath,
And smashed whatever came to hand.
Two things he failed to understand,
The foreigner and what was new.

It is not our purpose to retell here the story of the hunt, for it should not and could not be retold save in Mr. Masefield's own words. It is a story of terror and flight, blood lust and anger, courage and skill. It lifts the reader's attention from the printed page to the green and far-off fields of England. The reader is no longer a reader, but a spectator who follows the course of riders, hounds, and fox as an onlooker at a football game follows the fluctuating fortunes of his own college team. We have room here for only one passage, a passage quoted from near the end of the poem, which tells of the closing in of the dread pursuit. For a picture of physical exhaustion and animal fear it would be hard to find its equal. The passage describes the last spurt of the fox for safety:

Two hundred yards, and the trees grew taller,
Blacker, blinder, as hope grew smaller
Cry seemed nearer, the teeth seemed gripping
Pulling him back, his pads seemed slipping.
He was all one ache, one gasp, one thirsting,
Heart on his chest-bones, beating, bursting.
The hounds were gaining like spotted pards
And the wood-hedge still was a hundred yards.
The wood-hedge black was a two year, quick
Cut-and-laid that had sprouted thick
Thorns all over, and strongly plied,
With a clean red ditch on the take-off side.

. . . . . .

Still, as he ran, his pads slipped back,
All his strength seemed to draw the pack,
The trees drew over him dark like Norns,
He was over the ditch and at the thorns.

He thrust at the thorns. which would not yield,
He leaped, but fell, in sight of the field,
The hounds went wild as they saw him fall,
The fence stood stiff like a Bucks flint wall.

He gathered himself for a new attempt,
His life before was an old dream dreamt,
All that he was was a blown fox quaking,
Jumping at thorns too stiff for breaking,
While over the grass in crowd, in cry,
Came the grip teeth grinning to make him die,
The eyes intense, dull, smoldering red,
The fell like a ruff round each keen head,
The pace like fire, and scarlet men
Galloping, yelling, "Yooi, eat him, then."
He gathered himself, he leaped, he reached
The top of the hedge like a fish-boat beached
He steadied a second and then leaped down
To the dark of the wood where bright things drown.

A very different volume is Amy Lowell's "Pictures of the Floating World." In speaking of Amy Lowell's work we are tempted to quote again a passage which has already appeared in the "Book Table." It is a passage taken from Professor John Livingston Lowes's "Convention and Revolt in Poetry." Professor Lowes said: "Carlyle once said of Tennyson: 'Alfred is always carrying a bit of chaos around with him, and turning it into cosmos.' Well, that is poetry's job, and it is amazingly like the enterprise of life. And one reason why poetry is worthy of the consideration of men and women breathing thoughtful breath, in this return to chaos, is the fact that poetry's essence is also, in a sense that is profoundly true, the goal of life—it is creative energy made effective through restraint."

We cannot deny Miss Lowell's creative power, nor can we overcome the feeling that she is missing the enduring achievement which her talent might have made possible for her. It seems to many who have been brought up in the older traditions of verse, and who yet recognize the justice of the plea of those who weary of the sentimentality and lack of freshness of some of our older poets, that Miss Lowell and her kind are all too easily satisfied with the discovery of a piece of interesting chaos. The discovery of chaos is to them an end in itself. They would emphatically deny the allegation that they were too lazy to turn it into cosmos. Yet so it appears to many who recognize the goal for which they are searching while denying that they have the right path to this end.

The present volume from Miss Lowell's pen is indeed well named. It is a group of pictures from a world which floats in a sea of color and flame, but somehow one wishes that the navigator of this world had better control of her helm. Here is a typical poem from Miss Lowell's volume.

TREES IN WINTER

Pine Trees:
Black clouds slowly swaying
Over a white earth.

Hemlocks:
Coned green shadows
Through a falling veil.

Elm Trees:
Stiff black threads
Lacing over silver.

Cedars:
Layered undulations
Roofing naked ground.

Almonds:
Flaring needles
Stabbing at a gray sky.

Weeping Cherries:
Tossing smoke
Swept down by wind.

Oaks:
Twisted beams
Cased in alabaster.

In imitation of the Japanese *Hokku*, Miss Lowell has produced the following:

POETRY

Over the shop where silk is sold
Still the dragon kites are flying.

ROAD TO THE YOSHIWARA

Coming to you along the Nihon Embankment,
Suddenly the road was darkened
By a flock of wild geese
Crossing the moon.

PASSING THE BAMBOO FENCE

What fell upon my open umbrella—
A plum-blossom?

There is indeed the raw material of poetry in such fragments as these, but we are still unconvinced that such work as this represents the fulfillment of poetry's highest opportunity.

Very different from the work of Miss Lowell and Mr. Masefield are the poems of John Drinkwater. His poetry is as expressive of his own personality in its way as is the verse of Miss Lowell expressive of her own outstanding character. Yet Mr. Drinkwater is never satisfied with unfinished work. Apparently it does not occur to him that the restraint of verse form is a prison through which he must break if he would be free. Having found freedom within himself, he is not concerned with what, after all, are the purely mechanical elements of literary liberty.

Within the limits of his own power Mr. Drinkwater shows no sign of being constricted by the fact that he has not severed connections with old and sound traditions.

The limits of his power may be judged, to a certain extent, from a few quotations from this volume of his poems:

THE FECKENHAM MEN

The jolly men at Feckenham
Don't count their goods as common men,
Their heads are full of silly dreams
From half-past ten to half-past ten,

[1] Reynard the Fox; or, The Ghost Heath Run. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[2] Pictures of the Floating World. By Amy Lowell. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[3] Poems. 1908–1919. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They'll tell you why the stars are bright,
And some sheep black and some sheep white.

The jolly men at Feckenham
Draw wages of the sun and rain,
And count as good as golden coin
The blossoms on the window-pane,
And Lord! they love a sinewy tale
Told over pots of foaming ale.

Now here's a tale of Feckenham
Told to me by a Feckenham man,
Who, being only eighty years,
Ran always when the red fox ran,
And looked upon the earth with eyes
As quiet as unclouded skies.

These jolly men of Feckenham
One day when summer strode in power
Went down, it seems, among their lands
And saw their bean fields all in flower—
"Wheat-ricks," they said, "be good to see;
What would a rick of blossoms be?"

So straight they brought the sickles out
And worked all day till day was done,
And builded them a good square rick
Of scented bloom beneath the sun.
And was not this I tell to you
A fiery-hearted thing to do?

Here is an example of Mr. Drinkwater's handling of the sonnet form:

TO THE LOVERS THAT COME AFTER US

Lovers, a little of this your happy time
Give to the thought of us who were as you,
That we, whose dearest passion in your prime
Is but a winter garment, may renew
Our love in yours, our flesh in your desire,
Our tenderness in your discovering kiss,
For we are half the fuel of your fire,
As ours was fed by Marc and Beatrice.
Remember us, and, when you too are dead,
Our prayer with yours shall fall upon love's spring
That all our ghostly loves be comforted
In those yet later lover's love-making;
So shall oblivion bring his dust to spill
On brain and limbs, and we be lovers still.

Surely such poems as these show, if any proof is needed, that creative energy is not hampered but made effective through restraint.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

After Thirty. By Julian Street. The Century Company, New York.

It may be worth while to recount the philanderings of a man after he is thirty years of age, just as it might be worth while to record them before he reaches thirty. But somehow Mr. Street's "After Thirty" does not seem worth while. It would have been more so if his hero had not been quite so vain and almost caddish in his meanderings after different women, each of whom he fancies in love with him if he is not quite in love with her. The characters are fairly well sketched, with many an amusing skit and with many a skillful touch. The dialogue is deft and gay, and there are plenty of pretty phrases. There is also not a little whimsical humor and keen observation.

Doings of Raffles Haw (The). By A. Conan Doyle. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

These short stories are not of recent production. Two are Sherlock Holmes tales. The Raffles Haw story tells of the trials of a man who learns to make gold in quantities, tries to do good with it, but finds that its expenditure is a corrupting and injurious influence.

League of the Scarlet Pimpernel (The). By Baroness Orczy. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A story of love and adventure in Paris during the Revolution in which the "Scarlet Pimpernel" again plays the leading part in aid of aristocrats hunted by the Terrorists.

Love Laughs Last. By S. G. Tallentyre. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A pleasant and well-written novel of English country life, mildly humorous and with strongly defined characters. Agreeable rather than strenuous.

Second Marriage. By Viola Meynell. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

The name of Meynell is familiar to all readers of contemporary English literature. The author of "Second Marriage" is the daughter of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, and the present volume does credit to such parentage. The scene is laid in a remote corner of the English fen country, and the novelist describes a family established for many generations there. The characters are clear-cut and luminous. The style is distinguished—at times it even recalls Jane Austen's.

ART AND MUSIC

Art and the Great War. By Albert Eugene Gallatin. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Here is the gift book for the soldier who has an eye for art. This book may be fairly called sumptuous in its illustration, typography, and paper. It contains a hundred reproductions, some in color, of the most notable war pictures that have appeared by artists of the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and France. The critical comments are keen, judicious, and fearless.

BIOGRAPHY

Leaders to Liberty. By Mary H. Wade. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Life of Frederick the Great (The). By Norwood Young. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Frederick the Great was called the founder of Prussia. Because of the ideals he gave to Prussia he stands out as perhaps the most to blame for the late war. The present volume is remarkable because of the author's access to sources hitherto unavailable.

Napoleon of the Pacific (The): Kamehameha the Great. By Herbert H. Gowen, D.D., F.R.G.S. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Kamehameha, the Napoleon of the Pacific, died just a hundred years ago. He was a truly great ruler. He effected the union of the eight islands of the Hawaiian archipelago and welded them into a kingdom. His reign was marked by extraordinary progress. His gifts of organization and executive power were practically unrivaled in the annals of any uncivilized peoples. In view of the centenary of this famous chieftain, the present volume's appearance is fitting.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Emancipation of Massachusetts (The). The Dream and the Reality. By Brooks Adams. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

The only new thing which we are able to discover in this revised and enlarged edition of a book written thirty years ago is a preface of 165 pages, and the connection of that preface with the book we find it difficult to discover. Apparently the author also fails to see any connection. The object of the preface appears to be to establish the philosophical principle "that man is an automatic animal moving always along the paths of least resistance toward predetermined ends," though apparently the author conceives no Being by whom those ends have been predetermined. On the contrary, the universe "is a chaos which admits of reaching no equilibrium, and with which man is doomed eternally and hopelessly to contend." The extraordinary ignorance of modern Biblical criticism which the author shows in his interpretation of the Old Testament inevitably throws a suspicion over all his historical deductions. Nevertheless we can agree with the conclusion to which he conducts us, that the result of history will be chaos "unless the democratic man can supernaturally raise himself [or be raised by a Power not himself that makes for righteousness] to some level more nearly approaching perfection than that on which he stands."

Brief History of Europe (A). From 1789 to 1815. By Lucius Hudson Holt, Ph.D., and Alexander Wheeler Chilton. With Maps. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Some one once asked an American writer to name an "impartial history of the French Revolution." "Impossible," was the quick reply; and it was practically impossible then, although we had some very vivid partial accounts. If, from this class, one were now to be chosen, it might very well be the fair estimate of causes and incidents made by the authors of this volume. Their review of social, economic, and political conditions throughout Europe as a background to the French Revolution is particularly worth while.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Spell of Alsace (The). By André Hallays. Translated by Frank Roy Fraprie. Illustrated. (The Spell Series.) The Page Company, Boston.

Alsace before the war is described entertainingly in this translation of a book by an accomplished French writer. It will fill American readers with a desire to see for themselves the Lost Provinces that are now happily regained, and it will enable the tourist who likes to tread unbeaten paths to arrange a delightful itinerary.

Wanderings in Italy. By Gabriel Faure. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

My Italian Year. By Joseph Collins. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A translation of Gabriel Faure's "Heures d'Italie" has now appeared and should find its place alongside the other descriptions of Italy and Italian art which suggest the enchantment of Italy and the spell it casts over the traveler. Any traveler who has been to such worth-while towns as Castelfranco or Piava in the north or to Assisi and Perugia in central Italy should consult the chapters on those places. It is only in the final pages that we are brought close to the war. In the second volume one does not read very far without finding that, while its prefatory chapters are admirable in general description and appreciation, others give us vivid accounts of war days in the Italian cities and in trailing the conquering Italian army. Though written a year ago, one of the most suggestive of all the chapters has to do with "The Birth of Jugoslavia and the Rebirth of Italy."

WAR BOOKS

To Kiel in the "Hercules." By Lieutenant Lewis R., Freeman, R.N.V.R. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This book will bring back to the reader something of the thrill evoked by the despatches from the front during the war. It tells of the experiences of the naval expedition which proceeded to Germany immediately after the signing of the armistice. The author was an official member of the expedition and tells its story with journalistic skill and with the fullness of knowledge possessed by a naval expert.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

TRANSPORTATION AND THE COST OF LIVING

BY ROLFE C. SPINNING

Of the Service Motor Truck Company

WHEN the mud and dust covered trucks of the National Motor Truck Development Tour were at Redfield, South Dakota, I was talking to a farmer concerning the use of trucks on the farm. In my remarks I was so unwise as to intimate that, while *city folks* were up against it because of prices of foodstuffs and all other commodities, the farmer, on account of the high prices he was getting, was no doubt making himself liable for quite a sizable income tax.

TRUCK IN THE WHEAT-FIELDS RECEIVING THE THRESHED GRAIN

"Just because you have to pay high prices," he replied, "doesn't mean that we get all the increase.

"It isn't the actual cost of raising crops that makes things so high. It's getting the stuff to the consumer."

My friend was right.

The problem we are now facing is one not only of production, but of distribution as well, and distribution, as our population tends to become centered in large cities, assumes an ever-increasing importance.

Civilization is the result of nothing more than distribution—distribution of ideas, goods, and all manner of commodities.

The individual of to-day is not self-sustaining.

Communities are dependent upon other communities.

The population of our cities could live but a few days once communication with the outside world was stopped.

All the goods manufactured in this country, all the foodstuffs raised on our farms, must in some manner be distributed to the ultimate consumer, and the more direct the route, the lower the price; for next to the item of labor transportation is the biggest factor in the cost of the average manufactured product, be it an automobile or a loaf of bread.

In the case of the bread, for instance, consider how transportation affects the price you and I must pay. Transportation enters into consideration from the time the ripened wheat is cut. It must be hauled to the thresher, hauled to the mill, hauled to the jobber, hauled to the bakery, hauled to the grocery, hauled to your back door, and your wife tells you that bread is costing twenty cents a loaf and she can't see why.

Transportation is why!

The bill we are paying for inefficient means of transportation is astounding, and is one of the reasons we have to pay the prices that are now being asked and that seem so high.

Last month two men were in my office, and, the subject of trucks being under discussion, I was asked, "What has the motor truck to offer the country, anyway?"

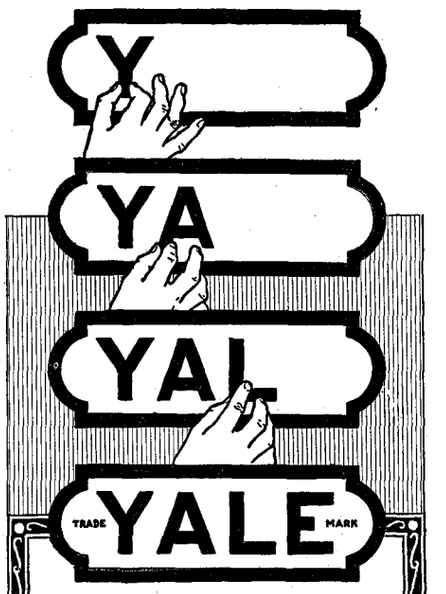
"Lower prices," I answered.

You see, the short haul, as it is termed, constitutes the great bulk of all of the hauling done in the country, for even where goods are transported over long distances by railway they must be handled at both ends, which means at least two short hauls for every long haul in the big majority of cases—usually more.

And it is a recognized fact that the short haul is the place where transportation bills in large amounts are added to the price we pay for everything consumed.

The weak link in our transportation facilities is the inefficient methods of delivering freight to and carrying it from our terminals. It costs more to deliver the average shipment of goods in New York than it does to get it there.

The motor truck is the key to the situation. Its efficiency has been demonstrated,



The trade-mark on the products of Security

WHATEVER the need for locks of unquestioned security; whatever the need for devices of utility, protection and economical operation (typified in the Yale Chain Block, Yale Door Closer and "Autometric" Carburetor); whatever the demand for reliability and dependability—wherever a better product for a definite purpose is essential there you will find "Yale."

Built upon definite ideals, the continuing accepted leadership of this company in its field is reflected in every product dignified with the trade-mark "Yale."

Look for the trade-mark "Yale"—it is your guarantee of origin and quality.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

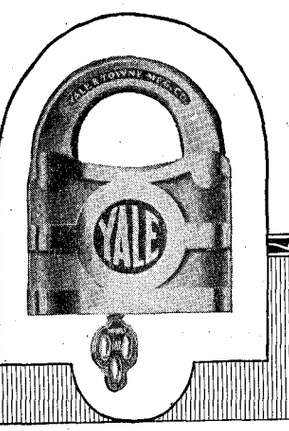
Makers of the Yale Locks

9 East 40th Street, New York City

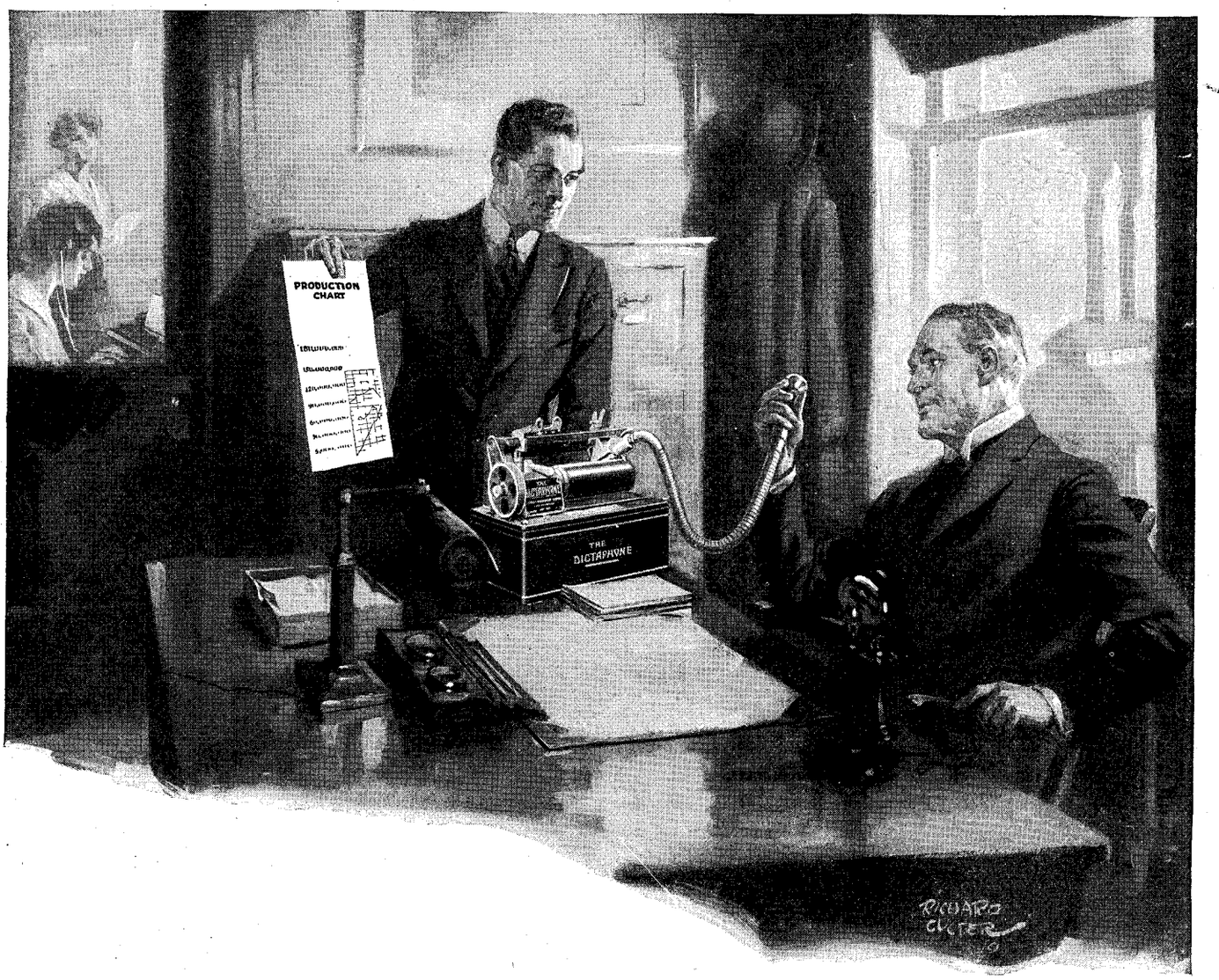
Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street

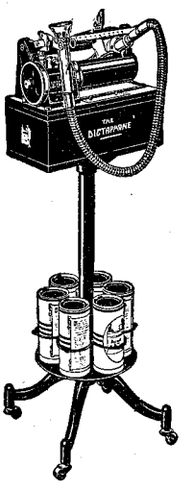
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.
St. Catharines, Ontario

When you are in New York or Chicago visit our Exhibit Rooms. You will be cordially welcomed.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





A High Production Curve Means Faster Dictation

The factory must be kept supplied with written instructions. Every order for goods must be acknowledged. Every delay in shipments must be explained. If you are sold out months ahead, customers must be informed to that effect. The more you produce and sell, the heavier grows your correspondence, and the faster each letter and memo must be written.

With The Dictaphone always at your elbow, you stand the best chance of keeping your factory and your customers promptly informed. Phone or write for convincing 15-minute demonstration in *your* office, on *your* work. Branches in all principal cities—see your telephone book.

THE DICTAPHONE

Registered in the U S. and Foreign Countries

Dept. 118-L, Woolworth Building, New York City

Branches Everywhere.

Write for Booklet, "The Man at the Desk"

There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

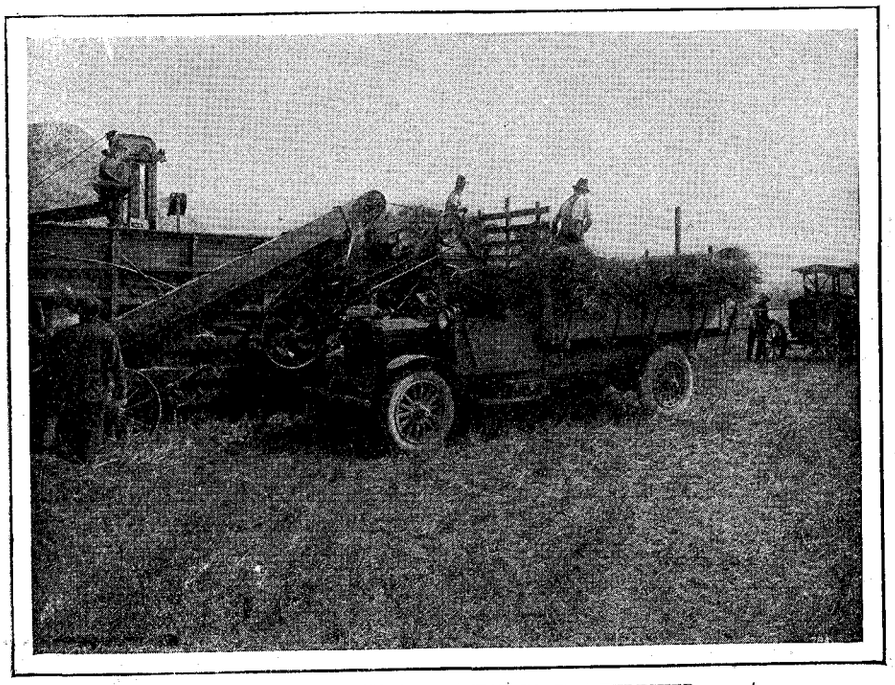
"The Shortest Route to the Mail-Chute"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Transportation and the Cost of Living (Continued)

not only in isolated cases, but time and time again.

Take the case of wheat, about which we spoke. When the National Motor Truck Development Tour was passing through the great grain States of the Northwest, it was proved that seven pneumatic-tired



TRUCK DELIVERING THE WHEAT TO THE THRESHER

trucks, equipped with the proper bodies, could bring the shocked grain in from the fields and feed the thresher better than could ten teams with wagons and five more men.

It has been proved time and time again that the trip to the elevator with the threshed grain can be made by trucks in one-third of the time taken by horses and wagons; and with the farmers practically unable to get sufficient labor, the argument of time is important.

Wherever hauling is a factor, you will find the motor truck doing the job better, quicker, and cheaper than it has been done before. Every day the truck is assuming a more dominating position in the country's commercial life, not because truck manufacturers have aggressively merchandised their product, but because its efficiency has been amply demonstrated.

It was not so very long ago, when the motor truck was comparatively new, that no one ever imagined for a moment that it would ever seriously compete with the railways for inter-city business. It was, in fact, only those who had a vision who could see that the truck was to replace the horse for local hauling. But the last few years have taught us much. We have learned not only that the truck can compete with the railway, but that it can do so successfully. We have learned that for the short haul, at least, it can deliver freight quicker, cheaper, and in better condition than can the railway.

An interesting experiment was recently conducted by the Post Office Department, when two shipments of eggs and one-day-old chicks were started at the same time from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to New York, a distance of 180 miles. One went by rail, the other by truck. Each shipment contained 18,000 eggs and 1,000 chicks. The rail shipment took five days in transit, losing 500 chicks and 1,000 eggs. The truck shipment, on the other hand, took twelve hours, and *the loss was only four chicks and nine eggs.*

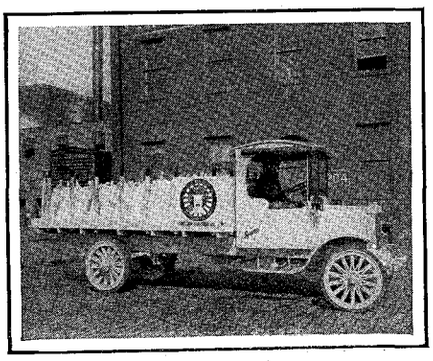
The railways, strange as it may seem at first blush, welcome the truck as an adjunct to their systems instead of objecting to it. The reason is that they have discovered that the short haul is unprofitable and that the only traffic that they can handle at a profit is the long-distance haul.

C. A. Morse, for example, assistant director of operation in charge of engineering and maintenance for the United States Railroad Administration, recently said:

"Taken alone, and considered as a unit, practically none of the small branch lines pay expenses. But as gatherers of freight, to increase density of traffic on the main lines, they are sources of profit.

"As, however, the traffic gathered by them is turned over to the main line with a deficit attached which has to be overcome during the main line movement before any profit is made, it would be a decided advantage if this traffic could be delivered to the trunk line by means of the motor truck."

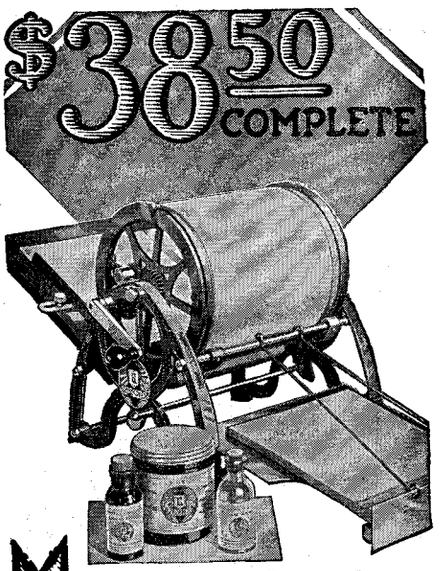
The whole question is this: Transportation is a big, vital part of our very existence and we are paying heavily for it. If



TRUCK LOADED WITH FLOUR FROM THE MILL

we can decrease our Nation's transportation bills by using the truck, it is one way to help lower living costs.

This *can* be done.



It Prints

This machine prints bright, clean-cut form letters, office forms, post cards, notices, bulletins, etc. It is speedy and accurate. It reproduces typewritten, hand-written, drawn and ruled forms—75 a minute—and it does this excellent work at the cost of

1000 Copies for 20 cents

Manufacturers, merchants, bankers and professional men use the Rotospeed constantly in developing new business, putting "PEP" in salesmen, increasing factory efficiency and hundreds of other ways.

ROTOSPEED STENCIL DUPLICATOR

is the simplest stencil duplicator made. Any typist or office boy can run it. No accessories nor higher priced models. Low price because it is sold direct. You save the difference.

Free Trial

Write for Free Trial Offer. Use it until it pays for itself. Then decide whether you want to keep it or not. Sign and mail the coupon NOW or pin it to your letterhead. Booklet, ideas and samples will be mailed without obligation to you.

MAIL THIS NOW

The Rotospeed Company
728 W. Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio
Send at once booklet, samples of work and details of Rotospeed Free Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Not Make It A Book Christmas?

LUDENDORFF'S OWN STORY

By GENERAL ERIC VON LUDENDORFF

The first inside story of the German great general staff told by Germany's supreme dictator himself. It is rich in disclosures that throw new light on the conduct of the war by both the Allies and Germany, and is not only of immediate interest, but more, probably, than any book the war has so far produced, it is of permanent historical value. Illus. Two Vols. $7.50

BILL SEWALL'S STORY OF T. R.

By WILLIAM WINGATE SEWALL

When Roosevelt, a thin, sickly lad of eighteen, first went to the Maine woods, "Bill" Sewall was his guide; and a life-long friendship between the Maine woodsman and the future president began. Later Sewall managed Roosevelt's Western ranch. In his own inimitable way, Sewall tells here of the man he knew so intimately. Illustrated. $1.25

ARTEMUS WARD

By DON C. SEITZ

The first great American humorist at last has a biography, and "Artemus the Delicious," his times and his cronies, live again for present-day readers in Mr. Seitz's delightful pages. Some of the earlier writings of Artemus Ward which were not republished in his collected works are included.
Many illustrations. $2.00

THE GREAT DESIRE

By ALEXANDER BLACK

"A book which, take it all in all, I do not know the like of for literary novelty and constancy to a high ideal," writes William Dean Howells in the *New York Times*. An American novel of rare quality and interest. $1.75

THE LITTLE MOMENT OF HAPPINESS

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The romance of the American officer and the French girl in wartime—the poignant, beautiful story of Andrée and Kenneth. They met and loved—in Paris; but could they marry and be happy—in America?
Illustrated. $1.60

FROM THE LIFE

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

"So real is the portrayal of these nine Americans and the turning points of their destinies that one questions who the originals may be. We have enjoyed no book in many months so whole-heartedly," says Heywood Broun of the *New York Tribune*. Illustrated. $1.50

THE COTTAGE OF DELIGHT

By WILL N. HARBEN

They were very much in love, this young married couple, and then the shadow of his mother's evil life fell like a blight across their happiness. This is the story of their struggle to regain a lost Paradise. In it the rich promise of Mr. Harben's earlier work finds its fulfillment.
Illustrated. $1.60

THE RIDER OF THE KING LOG

By HOLMAN DAY

A novel of the Great Woods, full of the breath of outdoors. This story of a girl's splendid struggle for justice and the man she loves, has in it the thrill of daring hazard. It recalls Mr. Day's "King Spruce." $1.75

THE PROMISES OF ALICE

By MARGARET DELAND

Eternal youth and its eternal struggle of love and duty is the theme of Mrs. Deland's new novel—the romance of an old-fashioned girl in a New England town. It is told with the same art that has given its author's earlier work a distinct place in our literature.
Illustrated. $1.40

MICHAEL FORTH

By MARY JOHNSTON

Love and immortality, the two strongest of human motives and desires, form the joint theme of Miss Johnston's new novel. It is set in the South just after the Civil War. $1.75

PERCOLATOR PAPERS

By ELLWOOD HENDRICK

Essays grave and gay, whimsical and serious, written from so modern an approach and such varied angles that the collection has one for every mood. "An American Elia," says one critic. $1.75

HOW ANIMALS TALK

By W. J. LONG

A great American naturalist tells the results of his research into the means by which animals communicate with each other. Animal lovers of all ages will find it a delightful volume. Illustrated. $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, Est. 1817

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taught by our Teachers
she Teaches the Children
of her own Race.

ONE THOUSAND COLORED TEACHERS

for public schools are immediately required by the *State of Louisiana.*

In this emergency the Board of Education turns to the Normal Schools conducted by

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

The entire South is recognizing at this critical period, as never before, the urgent need of Negro education.

Except in our schools and others of their class, there is little teacher training for colored pupils in the South.

To meet the present urgent demands we must be reinforced.

What are you personally doing to solve The Race Problem?

Here is your chance.

The American Missionary Association
Dept. O, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Desiring a share in your great task, I send the enclosed contribution.

Amount $.....

Name.....

Address.....

"HOWLERS" IN CIVICS AND HISTORY

The following are some of the fruits I have gleaned from a good many years of teaching history and civics:

"The purpose of the political party is to bring together all men of a like mind and have their wills carried out."

"The National Convention is opened with prayer by the Chairman of the National Committee."

"The Greeks were not so viratic but they had firm minds."

"Beaurocrazy."

"A tax is an encumbrance levied directly or indirectly by the government for the betterment of the people."

"The New Jersey Constitution was enacted in Boston in 1620."

"The Pension Bureau contains many rooms filled with both worthless and good pensions."

"The Naturalization Act limits the life of a would-be citizen to 15 years in this country."

"It was during Adams administration that the Federalist party received its form of evaporation."

"The aligorical tail of Pilgrim's Progress."

"The battle of Gettysburg was beautifully described by Lincoln in his Gettysburg address 4 score and seven years later."

"Christianity lasted from the eighth century before Christ up to the twentieth century A. D. The best Reverence book for this would be the Bible."

The following on the "Naming of America" was particularly gratifying to me as it will be to all Dartmouth men:

"After Columbus voyage a man by the name of Amerigo Vespucci sailed along the shores of America and a Dartmouth College Professor wrote up some article and called the new land America."

ROBERT I. ADRIANCE.
Department of History,
East Orange (N. J.) High School.

FOR THE PRISONERS

From time to time your paper has printed a little message from me about my Christmas work for the families of prisoners. Last year I had to send my message to the American public from Verdun, as I spent the winter amid its ruins with our boys of the A. E. F. at the front. This year I am back again in my own prison work, and I find the need as great as ever. My long absence abroad depleted my funds, and I need help more this year than ever before. Many have said that the poor will not be as needy this season, because of higher wages and improved conditions. This does not hold good for the wife and children of the man who is serving in prison.

I want to provide hundreds of little ones with clothing and toys. I do want to help these mothers with good cheer for the Christmas dinner. Not in a spacious way in some big hall, but right in their own prison-shadowed homes.

The Volunteers of America is an incorporated society; our books are open to inspection and are properly audited. Every dollar contributed will go directly to the need of those we serve. Articles of clothing, toys, and money should be addressed to Mrs. Ballington Booth, Volunteer Prison League, 34 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York.

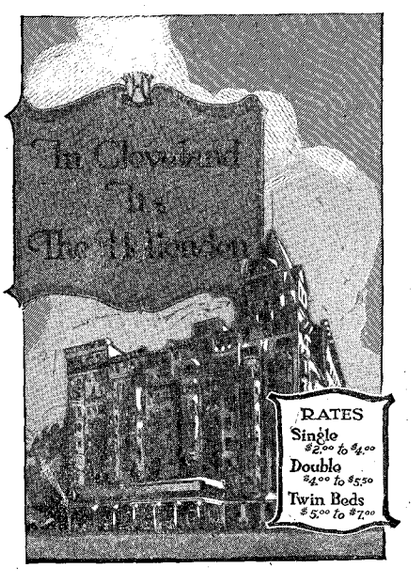
MAUD B. BOOTH.
New York City.

Any Time of Day
BAKER'S COCOA
is welcome

Do not make the mistake of thinking that cocoa is only an occasional drink. It is so valuable a food beverage, so rich in the elements of nutrition, so delicious in flavor, and so wholesome that it should be used regularly and often.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
Established 1780
DORCHESTER, MASS.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Opinion on Russia

Just Out

American Number

STRUGGLING RUSSIA

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Russian Problems

CONTAINING ARTICLES AND STATEMENTS ON RUSSIA, PREPARED FOR THIS ISSUE

BY

Ambassador David R. Francis, Hon. Elihu Root, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Samuel Gompers, Jacob H. Schiff, Lawrence F. Abbott, George Kennan, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, James Duncan, John Spargo, J. G. Phelps Stokes, William English Walling, Major Stanley Washburn, Lydia Noble, Prof. A. L. Frothingham, Edmund Noble, Khyva St. Albans, Erving Winslow, Louise de Wetter, A. Hichle.

U. S. Senators: Hon. William H. King, Hon. Lawrence L. Sherman, Hon. Warren S. Harding, Hon. Charles S. Thomas, Hon. Robert L. Owen, Hon. Edwin S. Johnson, Hon. Lee S. Overman.

U. S. Congressmen: Hon. Walter H. Newton, Hon. Clement Brumbaugh, Hon. Isaac Siegel, Hon. James Husted, Hon. Edmund Platt, Hon. John J. Esch, Hon. John Raker, Hon. Frederick R. Lehlbach, Hon. C. A. Christopherson, Hon. V. D. Upshaw.

Editors: The Washington Morning Herald, The Los Angeles Times, Philadelphia Inquirer, Philadelphia Record, Baltimore News, Waterbury American, Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Jewish Daily The Day, The Chicago Tribune, Buffalo Times, Buffalo Courier, Cincinnati Enquirer, Kansas City Star, Kansas City Post, Detroit Free Press, Denver Post, The Union Labor Bulletin The Miner's Magazine, Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, The Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, Minneapolis Journal, Indianapolis Star, Des Moines Register, St. Louis Republic, The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, The Muskegon Chronicle, Cleveland News, Cleveland Sunday News Leader, Seattle Times, Seattle Star, San Francisco Bulletin, The Portland Oregonian, The Macon Telegraph, The Wassau Daily Record-Herald, The Springfield Laborer.

Cables from the Russian Telegraphic Agency in Omsk.

Russian Documents.

64 pages of text, and 10 pages of illustrations
Price 20 cents. Order from the

Russian Information Bureau in the U. S.

Woolworth Building, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McCutcheon's

Scarfs and Sweaters

Made in America from the Finest Imported Yarns

Reg. Trade Mark

Providing warmth and protection, combined with smartness, equally suitable for the Golf Links, Motor or Steamer Wear.

Pure Camel's Hair Sets, in the natural color, consisting of:

Smart Tuxedo Sweaters, as illustrated, $22.50

Medium and Large Scarfs, $7.50 and 14.50

Turbans, illustrated, and Tam O' Shanters, $10.75

Wool Scarfs and Muffs, matched sets in Brown, Fawn, Navy, Oxford and Black. $25.00 set.

Brushed Wool Sweaters. Belted model with convertible collar, Heather and plain colors. $14.50.

Mohair Tuxedo Model, colors: Brown trimmed with Tan, Black with White, Navy with White, Plum with Lavender; Grey and Brown, self-trimmed. $18.50.

Shetland Weave Tuxedo Model, with sash, colors: Black, White, Navy, Purple, Wisteria, Copen, Rose, Camel, and Heather. $14.75.

Send for new 32-page Fall and Winter Catalogue. Mailed free on request.

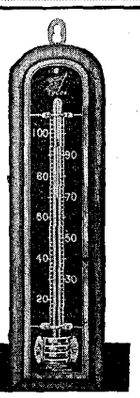
James McCutcheon & Company

The Greatest Treasure House of Linens in America

Fifth Ave., 34th & 33d Sts., N. Y.

Tycos

THERMOMETERS



ARE home necessities—factors in forestalling illness and maintaining healthful home temperatures.

Your dealer has them or can get them for you.

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
There's a Tycos and Taylor thermometer for every purpose

MENEELY BELL CO
TROY, N.Y. AND 198 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY.
BELLS

THE LUXURY OF PERFECT FRUIT

ADDS CHEER TO THE HOLIDAY SEASON

Like plucking fresh, luscious fruit in your own orchard. This is what our delicious thin-skinned

INDIAN RIVER ORANGES and GRAPEFRUIT

mean. If you've never tasted ripe-picked oranges and grapefruit ours will be a rare treat. Delivered in quantities to suit family needs. Prices moderate. Ask for details.

Victoria Citrus Groves Company
Cocoa, Indian River, Fla.

THE FARMER'S SIDE OF THE STORY IN THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

BY C. W. STEPHENSON

Among the many who are supposed to be guilty of profiteering and who are ruthlessly holding up the rest of us in the high cost of living the farmer comes in for a large share of the blame. He is charged with greed, avarice, and a miserly spirit. These things hurt him, and he says, on the other hand: "Every one seems to have it in for the farmer, and he is knocked right and left. If prices are lowered, the farmer will be the first one to feel it." We have not seen his side faithfully presented in any of the large magazines or daily papers. The farmer is not a writer. He is a worker—the hardest kind of a worker; but he thinks, and thinks much, and feels quite helpless under the volley of criticism that is hurled at him from all sides.

It was a cool day in the latter part of September when, after a brisk ride of a few miles, at sunset we slowed up in front of a fine old mansion perched upon a hillside. Some years ago, when it was new, it must have been the pride of the owner and the astonishment of the entire community. Once there were six happy children playing about that stately home. Once the great forests back of it were the homes of wild turkeys, red and black foxes, squirrels red and gray, bears, wolves, panthers, lynx, coons, millions of pigeons, partridges, and other game. Fifty years have wrought great changes. The children have gone, the wild life has nearly all gone, the house has a neglected and tumble-down air. The outbuildings are falling to decay and are out of plumb. All the buildings are weather-beaten and need paint. The vines are neglected and straggling over the ground. The fences are broken, and here and there are great gaps. Father and Mother Brown live there now, each having passed threescore and ten. There are a bachelor son and a small boy. They are all working desperately to look after the two hundred and fifty acres, the horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry. They are up long before daylight each day and work long after dark. The work crowds them and piles up on them. They have no time to repair their buildings, no time to paint them. When the day's work is done, they are too tired to read or think, and they creep into bed for a little rest, that they may again begin the unequal struggle the next day until they can work no more.

They put in something like sixteen hours each day. They cannot help it. They have none of the modern conveniences, and in all kinds of weather, sick or well, must endure heat, cold, storms. We asked Farmer Brown how he looks at things now in the sunset of life. His face was unshaven and in it were marks of discouragement. His wife, on the other hand, was pleasingly bright and sunny. This couple are counted "well-to-do" by their neighbors. Why should they not be, after a whole life spent right there, beginning when they were first married and toiling against fearful odds all these years? He replied to my question something after this fashion:

"You see, things are different from what they were when mother and I came here years and years ago. It was 'most all forest then. The forests were full of game. We had clearing and logging and building and plowing and setting out trees for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Farmer's Side of the Story in the High Cost of Living (Continued)

orchard. You see, the orchard is all gone now. We didn't have time to spray. We had no machinery. Everything had to be done by hand—mowing, reaping, cultivating, raking hay, and all such things. We could hire good men—men who were willing to work as we did—for from seventy-five cents to a dollar a day. A mower would take his scythe as soon as he could see, go into the meadow and mow till we called him to breakfast; eat, and mow till called to dinner; then mow till supper time; and after supper mow till he could see no longer. When we did not have the cash to pay our help, we gave a bushel of wheat. Wheat was worth from fifty-five cents to a dollar a bushel. Plenty of men could be hired for a bushel of wheat a day.

"We could keep things going and moving. We cut our wheat with a cradle, or even in some places with a sickle. Some of the women round here made butter, and they would get up in the morning, after churning Friday night, take two pails of butter, walk seven miles, and sell it at 7 cents a pound, and take their pay mostly in trade—money was so scarce. I have sold lots and lots of oats at 10 cents a bushel, and corn the same. I have sold lots and lots of pork at 2 and 2½ cents on foot. We could not sell our milk at 2 cents a quart. So with everything we had to sell. Now we get $2.25 for wheat, 70 cents for oats, same for corn, about 20 cents for pork, and 6 cents per quart for milk. They take it to town near us and sell it for 14 cents. We don't try to raise much grain any more. We can't. You see, there is just John, me, and the boy to do all the work, and it's more than we can do. Some things are neglected; you can see for yourself how things are going to pieces. If we try to hire help, we must pay at least $3.50 a day, and then they don't want to work as we do. They quit before sunset, and will not get up at sunrise. They refuse to help with the chores. They have got the notion into their heads that they will do as little as they possibly can, work as few hours as they possibly can, and make us pay every last cent they can. It tries me, and sometimes I wonder what the world is coming to, and what will become of the farmers.

"We sell early cabbage for three cents a pound, and the grocer gets 10 cents. We sell apples for $2, and the grocer gets $3. We sell meat, and the butcher makes twenty per cent, and turns his cash over every week and makes in the year a thousand per cent. We sell hides, and the shoe dealer charges us fifty per cent on his every pair of shoes. Those he buys for $4 he charges us $6 for, those he buys for $6 he charges $9 for, and he turns his capital over two or three times a year; I do not know how often, but he makes something like one hundred and fifty per cent. The farmer does not clear three per cent on his investment, taking out taxes, insurance, and general depreciation.

"What can we do? There are lots and lots of farmers, like us, growing old and discouraged. I am myself. If it were not for mother, I think I would have given up long ago. She keeps bright and smiling all the time—only when the rascals steal her turkeys, ducks, and chickens, and they do that right along. Only the other day some scamp stole her gobbler. He was a fine, big fellow, worth four or five dollars, and she had kept him two years! Then they stole six of her great fat ducks and a lot of

Remove the Film

From Your Teeth—Then Look at Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Let Your Own Eyes Tell

This is to urge a free ten-day test of a tooth paste which combats the film. See the results and then decide if filmless teeth will pay.

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the cause of most tooth troubles. The tooth brush alone doesn't end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it.

It clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. That is why teeth brushed twice daily still discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Dental science has found a way to combat that film. The way is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It does what nothing else has done. That is the tooth paste we ask you to try—use a ten-day tube at our cost and see the results for yourself.

You Do Not End the Film

Your present methods remove food debris, but they do not end the film. So teeth discolor and tartar forms. Wherever the film is, decay may follow.

The use of Pepsodent applies pepsin to the film. The film is albuminous and pepsin is the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now discovered a harmless activating method. And that has made the constant use of active pepsin possible.

Clinical tests under able authorities have proved the results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge the use of Pepsodent. It is keeping millions of teeth white, safe and clean.

Now we ask you to prove it.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentrifice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

261

Send this Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Do this and then decide between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon now.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 864, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

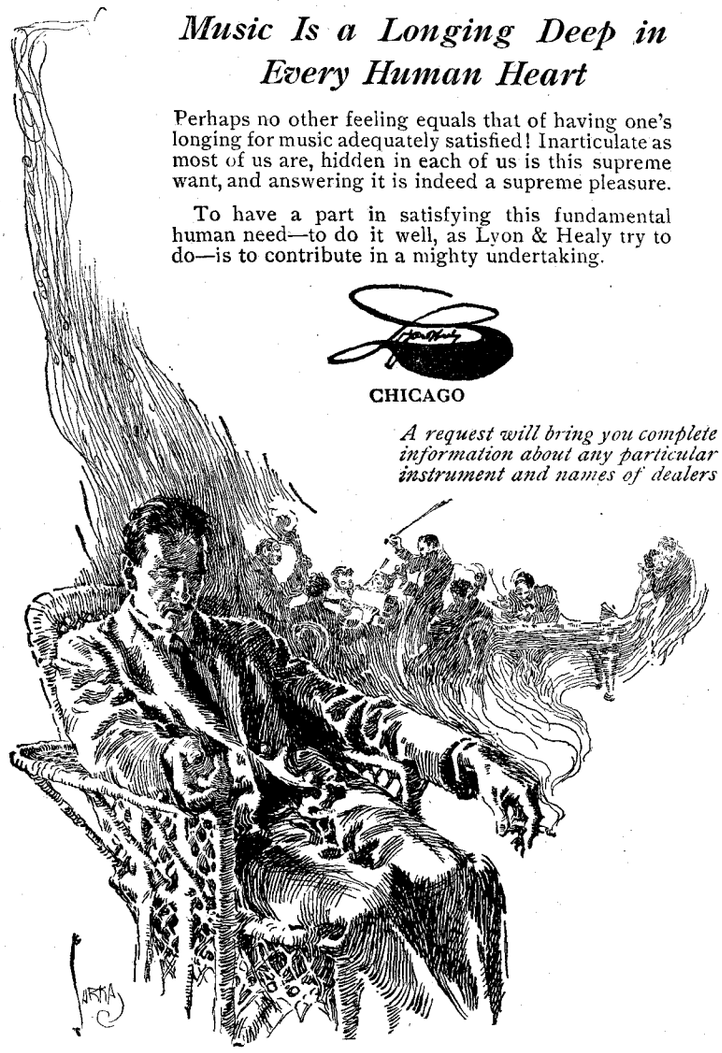
Music Is a Longing Deep in Every Human Heart

Perhaps no other feeling equals that of having one's longing for music adequately satisfied! Inarticulate as most of us are, hidden in each of us is this supreme want, and answering it is indeed a supreme pleasure.

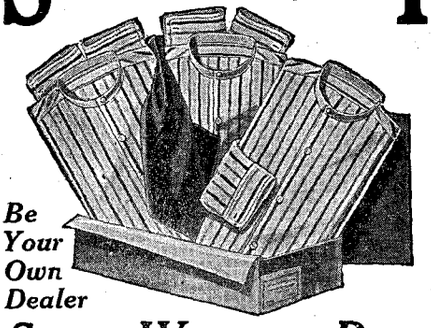
To have a part in satisfying this fundamental human need—to do it well, as Lyon & Healy try to do—is to contribute in a mighty undertaking.

CHICAGO

A request will bring you complete information about any particular instrument and names of dealers



Send only $1



Be Your Own Dealer

Secure Wholesale Rates

INTRODUCTORY OFFER so you can try these famous goods by mail. Price $6.63 for the set. On receipt of $1 we send three splendid shirts and handsome silk neck-tie parcel post C. O. D. $5.63 and postage.

Six Months' Wear Guaranteed

These shirts are made of finest white percale shirting fabric with neat stripes of blue, black, and lavender. One shirt of each color to the set. Cut in the popular coat style, cuffs attached, hand laundered and very fashionable. Standard sizes 14 to 17. Choose your color of tie. Money back if not pleased. Save time, order now and

WRITE *for New Catalog* DURATEX

as good as a smart New York store and get wholesale rates on fashionable hosiery, underwear, neckwear, soft and stiff cuff dress and sport shirts. Guaranteed for six months' wear or new garments free. You owe your pocketbook to send for it and **be your own dealer** and save dealers' profits on all you buy. It's the only real way to save.

Wearer agents make extra money in spare time.

GOODELL & CO., 534 DURATEX BLDG., NEW YORK

Largest mail order wholesale haberdashery house in the world

JUST ISSUED

A CATALOGUE

of valuable, interesting and rare books and pamphlets will be **SENT GRATIS** to any address on application, and will prove most interesting to collectors, libraries, etc.

The BURNHAM ANTIQUE BOOKSTORE
54-A, Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Don't Wear a Truss

MR. C. E. BROOKS

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

Brooks Appliance Co., 471F State St., Marshall, Mich.

5A MOTOR ROBES

The Farmer's Side of the Story in the High Cost of Living (Continued)

chickens. Sometimes they are so mean they wring their heads off and leave them in the coop! I am too old to sit up nights and shoot the villains. I wish I could! We think we know who the thieves are. They live just a little way from us. Leastwise we think we know who they are. You see, the turkey and duck and hen and egg money is mother's, and it's mighty mean to steal from her, I think."

"When you hired men by the month in those earlier days, what wages did you pay, Mr. Brown?'

"Oh, it was easy to hire the best of men for from $8 to $13 a month. Of course we had to board them and do their washing and mending. Now we cannot get men who are willing to work hard and take an interest in things for any price. We can hire some men for $40 or $50 a month. Most of them are lazy slackers, and don't compare with the men we used to hire for $9.

"Then, if any of us farmers have any money to let, we are fortunate if we can get five per cent clear; usually we cannot get that. Well, I am tired, and guess I'll go to bed. Good-night."

Another told us the following: "Wife and I came here something more than fifty years ago. We settled in the woods, seven miles from the nearest village. There were no railways anywhere near us. We traveled by ox-team. We had a few chickens, kept in the coops 'most all the time, for the foxes, lynx, skunks, and weasels were after the first one that strayed from the house. I well remember one time we had accumulated a large basket of eggs. We were very much in need of money. I took that basket of eggs to town, and when I set them down on the counter the grocer said, 'Do you smoke, John?' 'No; why?' 'Well, I was going to offer you a cigar if you will take those eggs home. There is no sale for them, and I am overstocked.' My heart sank, and I said, 'Can't you give me anything for them?' 'Yes, I can give you 8 cents. Do you want to sell them for that?' I sold him the eggs for 8 cents a dozen, and went back home heavy-hearted. Then wife said: 'Never mind, dear; we have the hogs, and we can soon sell them. They surely will bring us a nice sum of money.' We had fifteen fine hogs that would average at least 300 pounds. I sent for the buyer, and when he came and looked them over he said: 'They are a nice bunch. When you get ready to sell, let me know and I'll make you an offer for them.' I told him I was ready then, and he finally agreed to pay me $60 for the bunch, or 1½ cents a pound. I sold them, for it was all I could do."

Such stories as these are common everywhere among the aged farmers, who are bravely struggling to keep things going. They look back to other days, and, in spite of higher prices now, long for the simpler and yet more satisfactory life, when help was plenty and all things were on the upgrade. Now the young men and young women are caught in the lure of the city, with its large wages, short hours, movies, and whirl, and the "honk honk" of the automobiles, while father and mother are left to try to solve the problem of working the farms. They hear the cry for more production, more production, and they are doing their best. Thousands and thousands of them are sick of trying to keep up the battle, and you will notice "For Sale" posted here and there. Foreigners come in and buy them out. They are usually a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Farmer's Side of the Story in the High Cost of Living (Continued)

different class of men, vigorous, young, and eager to earn or secure the last dollar. They are not interested in the country church or the country Sunday school. They are almost all interested in making money as rapidly as they can. They are not of the sturdy stock found in the men on the farms seventy-five or even fifty years ago. Many of the rooms in the houses built when the family was all there are now empty and silent. Mother with her bent form keeps going as best she can. Father toils far beyond his strength. The children drive out often for over Sunday to get a good dinner, say a helpful word, and then go back to the city.

In another splendid home of many rooms, where now only father and mother are left, the good wife said to the writer: "We are here alone. We are doing our best. One of our sons is a missionary in China, the other is in the city forty miles away; but he was here a while ago and said we need not worry, for if either of us were to be taken away he would willingly give up his city home and work and come and live here."

The question came to me: Would not that son in China be doing real missionary work were he now at home, helping those parents work the farm? Would not that son in the city prove his love a little more were he at once to leave the city and come to the help of his parents, before death claims either of them? No wonder the farmers, especially the older ones, feel as they do!

WHICH? GRUB OR CARBONUXATES

(From the New York "Evening Post")

Once upon a time this problem of food was a very simple matter. Three times a day, as a rule, the attention of man was drawn to a hollow feeling located due east of the lower end of the vertebral column. This vacancy he proceeded to fill with a slab of bread, a chunk of beef, a pot of rice, etc., flavored, as a rule, with butter, grease, jam, garlic, etc., according to race, religion, climate, age, etc. This settled the problem till the next call from the Far East.

It pains us to say that this was living to eat and not eating to live. It showed no adjustment of means to end. It was a system of food that made no distinctions between a longshoreman and a free verse poet. It was internal anarchy.

Happily the truth has been realized. The consumption of food is no longer destructive but constructive. Man no longer eats corn beef and cabbage, but the vitamines in the beef and the polyzeugmatics in the cabbage. When he picks up the bill of fare, he no longer says, "What will most speedily and cheaply allay the unrest in my Far East?" but he says, "Where can I find the 12,500 carbonuxates that will give me the right outlook on the League of Nations?" And he finds it in unpolished rice. Or he says to himself, "I am now at work on the fourth act of my poetic drama; to make it convincing to Belasco I must absorb 3,200 permaganazoids daily for the next thirty days." So he shaves the kernels off the corn and eats the cob. Perhaps with cocoanut butter, for the added colloidal saxaphoniams.

This very midnight in our great city a couple of army corps of teething infants will be lulled to rest with 23,175 pneumodactylines warmed up in a bottle.

Shave With Comfort

This New Way Saves Time and Bother

How Shavaid Helps

Men who for years have used the old ways of softening the beard, find Shavaid a positive revelation. They have abandoned hot towels and rubbing-in methods. They prefer this easy, quick, comfortable procedure. It is yours to try—free of charge. Send for your Free Trial Tube today.

THE first essential of a satisfactory shave is a thorough softening of the beard. Every man knows that.

But hot towels and rubbing in of lather do not soften the beard as thoroughly as Shavaid softens it. They are positively injurious to the tender skin. They draw the blood to the surface at the wrong time. They open the pores. They remove the natural oiliness of the skin, making it dry and drawn.

Harsh Ways Unnecessary

These harsh methods are unnecessary. Shavaid, the new scientific preparation which so many men are using today, has shown that. It is working a revolution in shaving methods.

Shavaid keeps the skin in a normal condition. It coats it with a beneficial preparation which softens the beard while it protects the skin. The razor glides over the face without any "pull" and removes the beard without injurious scraping.

A Simple Operation

A Shavaid shave is simplicity itself. It saves time—no hot towels, no rubbing. Just apply Shavaid to the dry beard. Then apply your favorite lather. Shavaid works best if the lather is *not* rubbed in. Then shave. That is all there is to it.

You will feel the cooling, soothing effect of Shavaid at once. It keeps the lather moist and creamy. The blade "takes hold" of perfectly softened hairs. There is no "pull."

And afterward, no need for lotions, creams or hot towels. When harsh methods have not been used, medicaments are unnecessary. After a close shave, your face will feel cool and comfortable—no smarting, no "drawn" sensation.

Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
—apply to dry face before the lather.

Saves time and trouble
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Protects the face
—skin remains firm and smooth.

Removes the razor "pull"
—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotions
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

Send for Your Tube

If Shavaid will do these things for you, you want it. A Trial Tube will convince you. Thousands of men have found it the way to real shaving comfort. But you must find out for yourself.

Mail the coupon now. It will bring you your trial tube, free of all charge. When you have used it up, your druggist can keep you supplied, at 50c a tube. If he hasn't it, we will be pleased to fill your order.

B&B

Shavaid

At Druggists—50c a Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

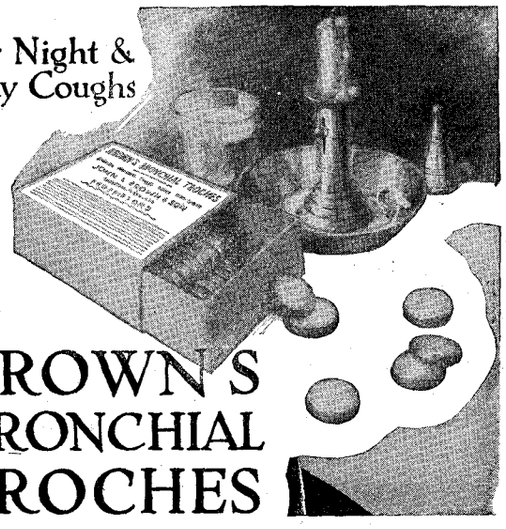
Free Trial Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Ill.
Mail free trial tube of Shavaid to
Name .....
Street Address .....
City ..... State .....

33

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Night & Day Coughs



BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Banish hacking, sleepless nights and distressing, nerve-racking days due to sore throat and coughing, by taking Brown's Bronchial Troches. To-day, as 70 years ago, they promptly relieve bronchial irritation, tickling in the throat, coughing and hoarseness.

Not a confection but a genuine remedy of finest medicinal properties. No opiates or harmful ingredients. Safe for children—a small piece brings sure relief.

In small, handy packets. Will not soil hands or gloves. Carry them and avoid serious troubles.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON
BOSTON, MASS.

Your druggist sells them
Prices: 15c, 35c, 75c and $1.25

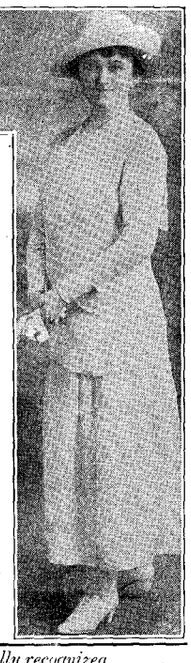
General Sales Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
New York : London : Toronto

9 PAYMENTS
monthly buys outright any stock or bond. Purchaser secures all dividends. Odd lots our specialty. Write for selected list and full particulars - FREE
CHARLES E. VAN RIPER
Member Consolidated Stock Exchange
50 BROAD ST., NEW YORK

Standard Hymns and Spiritual Songs
Our popular collection of Church Music
A dignified book of high character for Churches of all denominations
Board 45c. Cloth 60c. Write for examination copy.
The Biglow and Main Co., 156 5th Ave., New York

INDIAN RIVER
ORANGES & GRAPEFRUIT
We specialize in growing and shipping high-grade tree-ripened citrus fruits in single or half boxes direct to consumer. Express shipments anywhere U. S. or Canada. Every fruit positively guaranteed full of juice, the sweetest and best flavor. **PELICAN GROVE, Georgiana, Fla.**

Be Well
Why Not?



IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE. *As sure as sunrise*

You can weigh exactly what you should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I KNOW it, for what I have done for 92,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess Flesh in any part of body	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Round Shoulders	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Malassimilation
	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
	Constipation	Lame Back	

Our Soldiers Have Done So—Why Not You?

If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 8, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Miss Cocroft has surely been doing valuable war work. She is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our m. n. 16

BY THE WAY

Here are some scraps of humor from current issues of foreign periodicals. The first is from "Le Pêle-Mêle," of Paris:

The Guide—"We are now approaching the famous cataract. It is very near. If the ladies will stop talking for a moment, we can hear the thunder of the falling water."

This after-the-war reminiscence is from the "World," of London:

Amiable Friend (introducing guest)—"Do you know my friend D'Arcy, Gus?"

Gus—"Rather! Last time I saw him the blighter crimed me for paradin' with dirty spurs!"

Two contributions to the stories of the absent-minded professor are found in "Karikaturen," of Christiania, Norway:

"Professor Petersen is dead. He is duly buried. His brother professors have attended the funeral. At the end of the ceremony the professors take their departure and on the way from the churchyard Professor X, who had assisted in conducting the services, looks around and, eying his companions, says: 'Where's Petersen? Didn't he come with us?'"

"Professor A becomes infatuated with a young lady and woos her with great ardor. 'But,' says the maid, 'how can I marry you? You are already married!' 'Am I?' says he. 'Wait a bit.' (Pulls out his note-book.) 'Oh, yes. So I am! You are right, my dear!'"

The irrepressible "Jugend," of Munich, prints these dialogues on current themes:

First Laborer—"We are to go to reconstruct northern France."

Second Laborer—"Impossible! How should we then be able to go on strike at home?"

First Civilian—"What shall we do if the Entente demands delivery of all our dyestuffs?"

Second Civilian—"We must then drink water as plain water and not dyed into beer."

An Italian paper offers this pleasantry apropos of the attempts to discipline Italy in regard to Fiume:

Wilson—"I have come to starve Italy."

Profiteer—"You are not wanted. I am doing that."

The house shortage is hit off thus by "London Opinion:"

Fireman (carrying disheveled woman down a ladder from burning house): "I don't expect you'll be keen on the place after this, mum. I'll be glad to take over the house if you think of letting."

One of the air mail pilots who fly between Chicago and Cleveland got into a fog, a daily paper says, and had to descend. He wasn't quite certain what State he was in. A crowd, seeing the plane, gathered as he landed. "Where am I?" the airman asked. "You're in Jerry Hendricks' cow pasture," one of the onlookers promptly answered.

The grapefruit tree, Clifton Johnson informs us in "Highways and Byways of Florida," is astonishingly prolific, as much as a ton of the fruit being sometimes borne in a season by a single tree. The fruit, he says, is called "grapefruit," not because of any fancied resemblance to the grape in flavor, but because the fruit is borne on the tree in clusters like those of the grape.

A non-magnetic ship, the Carnegie, has sailed on her fifth voyage for the purpose of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED